

WEEKLY

DECEMBER 6, 1954

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

Nowhere that we know of is the wide sweep of sport more closely watched than in a large running file called the "Futures Book"—which is to SI's editorial department what a master timetable is to a railroad.

Before me, for example, an excerpt from it for the early days of 1953 shows sports humming merrily into a Happy New Year with such diverse fare as the National Singles Shuffleboard Tournament in Lakeland, Fla.; the Nipawin Car Bouspiel, or curling in Saskatchewan; European figure skating championships at Budapest; and cricket test matches in Australia for the Ashes. The Futures Book also lists a packed schedule for major U.S. sports. While the Jan. 1 crop of three-year-olds sorts itself out at Santa Anita and Hialeah, golf, after a brief hibernation, comes right back with the Los Angeles Open. Chicago hosts the All-Star Bowling Tournament. Basketball and hockey continue their furious business at the old stands. And of course the skiers will be jumping from Bear Mountain to Garmisch to Africa's Atlas Mountains.

The Futures Book is the hub of a carefully organized system for keeping our editors far in advance of the sports parade. Researchers select the book's thousands of entries from hundreds of sources. Our world-wide network of Time Inc. bureaus and stringer-correspondents constantly wire dates and details of local events which merit national coverage. Their reports are added to information gathered from daily newspapers, newsletters, magazines, the AP and UP sports wires and schedules from sports organizations.

Eventually, the Futures Book itself is edited and emerges, uniquely and conveniently, in SI as Coming Events (page 79), which, beginning next week, will look 10 days ahead and thus give our on-the-go readers an extra week for making their weekend sports plans.

One of our most welcome sources of information for the Futures Book is your own letters—telling us about events of special interest to you. While space may limit what we can print, it is nonetheless true that just about everything in sport which interests readers always interests editors.

Harry Phillips



HOW

to please
a red-blooded
chief



Whether big boy or little boy,
the male tribe agrees...
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the edge

THE GIFT

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PAT ON THE BACK

Herewith a salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, regardless of whether they have yet earned its tallest headlines



JOE TOMLIN runs a prosperous rate-waxing business in Philadelphia, but America's kids remember him best as the founder of midget league football. The idea for equal competition among little fellows occurred to Tomlin 25 years ago after seeing the green midgets brought about by sandlot football. Today Tomlin's idea has grown to 258 community leagues from coast to coast for football players under 15 years in age and 160 pounds in weight.

LUCILLE CHAMBLISS caught pistol fever 13 years ago when her father let her use a box of old .22 caliber shells on his target range near Winter Haven, Fla. Now 24, the pretty redhead is women's national champion and holds a string of lesser titles. Lucille is the only woman ever to make the U.S. international pistol team. When not shooting she rides her two Palominos, has won several awards in local competition.





DEBBY LEE of Palo Alto, Calif. was introduced to swimming when she was four and didn't like it a bit. But once she got over her first fright, Debby improved rapidly. Now just turned seven, Debby has been swimming in competition for only a year, has already won eight medals and established a Pacific AAU record for six-year-olds.



JERRY LEE PECK (left) and **BRIAN MAYNARD** are a couple of imaginative five-year-olds from south of Grand Rapids, Mich. They came home from school one day and decided to go "hunting" with a toy shotgun and Jerry's pet cocker, Mimi. Two hours later the moppets returned with a bewildered live pheasant which they insisted they "shot" out of a tree. Trouble was, the toy gun didn't even work. The boys are still sticking to their story, but Jerry's father found an infection under the bird's wing, now thinks the pheasant became frightened, tried to fly and fell to earth, where Mimi caught it. Jerry has "hunted" almost every day since, with no luck.

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GIRARD PERREGAUX

(continued from Page 1)

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**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

The President of the New York Touchdown Club says that the higher the scholastic standing of a college, the poorer the football team.

Do you agree?

BILL ANDERSON, Lafayette College

Director of Athletics



"Certainly. We used to have great football teams at Lafayette. In those days Army was just another game. That was when we had our own entrance requirements. Things are different now. Our students have to take the college boards. We're having a tough time getting football stars."

ARLIE SCHWARTZ JR., Milwaukee, Wis.

Public Relations



"No. Big Ten colleges are rated high scholastically. Yet they come up with some of the best teams, year after year. Last year several academic departments at Wisconsin were ranked best among state universities in the U.S. Yet the Badger eleven had no reason to hide its face in shame."

TED STANDISH, Westport, N.Y.

Advertising Manager



"Yes. Columbia is an example. The emphasis is on education. If that were not true, Lou Little would have been fired long ago. He does wonders with limited material. A most constructive move was the banning of the Ivy League colleges to play each other under comparable conditions."

BILL STEIN, Captain

Georgia Tech, 1961



"No. The players who can't make the grade scholastically can't get into Georgia Tech. I do some volunteer scouting for my own school. I won't consider a man unless he has a B-plus average or better. We have many football players who are Tau Beta Pi, the engineering equivalent of Phi Beta Kappa."

GARRY TSOOS, San Mateo, Cal.

Sales Representative



"Yes. The tougher the school is scholastically, the less time the players have for practice. A tough school is lucky to have a good team once every four years. That was true in both schools I attended, Stanford and UCLA. But under Red Sanders at UCLA, football has reformed. This puzzle me."

ROBERT B. WEYNER, Governor

New Jersey



"It's apt to be so. But it doesn't mean that a university with a high scholastic standing can't have great teams. Princeton, under Calhoun, has had several top teams. But even if a team isn't top, isn't it wonderful to see a coach like Lou Little occasionally pull one out of the bag?"

BOYCE FLIPPIN, Tailback

Princeton University



"Colleges with high standards occasionally produce great teams, such as the Princeton squads of 1950-51. But they would find it impossible to meet football-conscious colleges on a year-after-year basis. However, games between colleges with similar high standards produce good football."

ART FRENCH, Captain

Harvard, 1928



"Definitely not. West Point and Annapolis usually have very fine teams. Their scholastic standing is high. This year Army beat Michigan and Duke. The one-planet system has been the great leveler. However, teams should play in their own class. Witness the close and exciting Ivy games."



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Uchaco Hagibuchi is a 46-year-old Japanese housewife, a bit reserved, retired to be a doctor. Last week he drove his Ferrari from one end of Mexico to the other at an average speed of 197 mph. SI reports (in Pan-American) a road race for words and pictures.

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The Army-Navy game was a classic. A scrappy Navy quarterback named George Holsie won the war. SI's HERMAN HICKMAN and MARK KAUFFMAN retold the game.

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No one who has ever seen the incomparable Maurice Richard, the adulated Rocket of Canadian ice hockey, will ever forget his brilliant, striking, burning night of play. In colorful and dramatic portrait of one of the great athletes of our day, by HERBERT WARREN WIND.

22 **THE RETURN OF PADDY KINSHELLA**

A short published SI short story of heroism and passion: is a fighter returning to his native Ireland. By BRIAN MACMURDO.

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The great beasts of the Dark Continent, roaming free and wild in the jungle and in the open plains, shown by the most sensitive and successful of animal photographers. A portfolio by YLGA, IN COLOR.

51 **MOTHER STANDS AT GUARD**

She may have two children and a baby on the sidelines, but when the game and on the grass for a game of field hockey, mother is a girl again. A look at our exciting, hard-driving, little-known sport, by SARAH PALFREY.

**COVER:** *African Lion*

Photograph by YLGA

To get a portrait of the beasts on the cover, Photographer Ylga very bravely reached for one of her most powerful telephoto lenses. The result, along with the striking color photographs shown on pages 42-48, is a rare view of animal life on the broad reaches of Central Africa, where man is still an oddity, and the laws of the jungle still prevail.

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An SI PREVIEW of winter's fastest-growing outdoor sport: What's new, where to go, how to get there, and how it all began. With 21 pages (including photographs) IN COLOR, a map, charts, the season's competitions, and text by JAMES LATULIEN.

76 **LETTER TO BIGGIE**

An Open Letter from HERMAN HICKMAN to his old friend Biggie Adams, athletic director at Washington State College, answering his protest in last week's SI about the controversial two-point football rule.

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85 **The 15th Hole:** The readers take over

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

BASKETBALL FROM COAST TO COAST—AN SI PREVIEW

In the first of his regular reports on this vast sport now roaring into season, SI scans the scene from east to west, reports on the opening games, looks ahead to games to come, the teams to watch, the players who will make the headlines in the college leagues. In text and pictures

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

The editors of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, UNDER 25 and YOUNG SINGLEL KNOW put their heads together to help SI readers find gifts for sports-minded friends, relatives and loved ones.

SKIING IN EUROPE

The great resorts; the international competitions—where to go and what it costs; with maps, pictures, package deals and text by the grandfather of skiing, SIR ARTHUR LLOYD

JOHN GROTH'S JAMAICA

SI's globe-trotting artist delivers the first of his reports on the Caribbean area—impressions in watercolor and words of white beaches, blue sea and cricket-playing natives

PLUS: KANSAS CITY'S DAZZLING HORSE SHOW, AND A PORTFOLIO OF COLT REVOLVERS, IN COLOR

DECEMBER 6, 1964

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED

NEW KING OF THE



BEFORE RECORD-BREAKING
RUN THROUGH MOUNTAINS
ITALY'S MAGLIOLI WAVES
WITH KINGLY CONFIDENCE

MOUNTAINS

Umberto Maglioli, a handsome 26-year-old Italian, sweeps his big red Ferrari from one end of Mexico to the other—averaging 107 mph—to win the world's toughest road race

by

JOHN BENTLEY and COLES PHINIZY

JUÁREZ, MEXICO

THIS YEAR again, on the eve of the fifth Pan American Road Race, the jungle town of Tuxtla Gutiérrez in southern Mexico was alive with alien noise. Drivers and mechanics babbling in six tongues swarmed the streets, readying their cars. Engines coughed and snarled through the night, and at dawn on the paved highway through town 149 cars stood ready. At 5 a.m. the starting flag swung down, sending the first car in line, a squat, red Ferrari, on its way. Then once each minute the flag dipped, and another and another of the cars sped away, north to the mountains in the toughest, most dangerous race in the world.

From Tuxtla Gutiérrez the course ran along the jagged mountain spine of Mexico—a tortuous route of blind curves, S-curves, hairpin turns and sudden roller-coaster dips, up and down mountains, on to flat straightaways almost at sea level, then up again 10,000 feet in the mountains, and finally across the rolling north Mexican plateaus to Juárez on the U.S. border. In the treacherous first half of this 1,946-mile race there are more than 3,000 curves where a driver can miscalculate, corner with too much drift or lose the feel of the road, and go to his death down the mountain. As the cars sweep by, the people of the mountain towns line the road. The cautious ones stand on the straightaways and see little. The bold ones want to see it all, so they crowd the dangerous curves and pray to the Virgin of Guadalupe.

After three drivers and six spectators were killed last year, the great Italian road racer Giovanni Bracco concluded bitterly, "This race will kill us all. The Italians will not race in Mexico again." But fear kept no one away. This year the gloomy Bracco himself was racing again among the 20 drivers from six countries in the fast, large sports car class. For the past two years the honors in the Pan American had been won by expensive team efforts, a Mercedes team taking first and second in 1962, and a Lancia team first, second, and third in 1963. With the 1963 champion, Fangio, not defending, outwardly the race seemed wide open this year, but actually it was the field against one man, 26-year-old Umberto Maglioli of Biella, Italy, who not only is surprisingly young to be a pre-race favorite in such a smart field but also surprisingly solemn for a good-looking Italian. "Maglioli is something different," an Italian friend shrugs. "He is not wild. He does not eat much; he drinks less than he eats. He is not crazy over women. The head rules him. For a young Italian that is odd. For an Italian race driver it is nearly impossible." Though away from the cars he dresses and behaves more like the doctor his doctor father wanted him to be, after two years racing the big sports cars, Maglioli (pronounced Moll-yo'-lee) ranked eighth in the world. In 1962 he placed fourth in the Pan American and last year sixth, setting new records for the

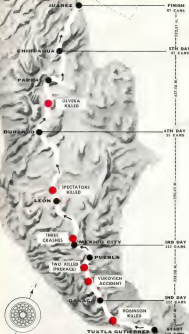
continued on next page



SPINNING PEGASUS, photographed at moment of plunge, was one of three cars which failed to make this turn at Rio Honda. Driver Joaquin Palacios was luckily thrown clear and survived.

TUXTLA TO JUÁREZ: THE BLOODY GAUNTLET

From the jungles of southern Mexico the world's longest, most dangerous race course runs 1,566 miles to the U.S. border. For the first 1,300 miles it winds through 3,000 curves, clinging to sheer cliffs and over ridges 10,000 feet up. Since the first race run in 1958 to celebrate completion of this trans-Mexican route, 12 drivers and 10 spectators have been killed. Luck—good and bad—plays a big part in the first three days' racing in the mountains. North of Durango the road levels. In the last two days the race goes to the swiftest car and smartest driver who has survived the run through the mountains.



PAN AMERICA'S TOP FINISHERS

UNLIMITED SPORTS CARS			
DRIVER	COUNTRY	CAR	MPH
G. MAGLIOLI	Italy	Ferrari	101.50
P. HILL	U.S.A.	Ferrari	104.74
P. BERNARDINI	Italy	Ferrari	96.45
L. BERNARDINI	Italy	Ferrari	94.30
A. MILLER	U.S.A.	Miller Sp.	92.02
U.S. BIG STOCK CARS			
B. CRAWFORD	U.S.A.	Lincoln	92.29
M. PAULKOW	U.S.A.	Lincoln	92.14
N. ANDREWS	U.S.A.	Cadillac	92.05
L. STRECKER	U.S.A.	Cadillac	88.75
E. BOLANDER	Mexico	Buick	87.89
U.S. SMALL STOCK CARS			
T. BRIDGEMAN	U.S.A.	Dodge	81.42
G. EVANS	U.S.A.	Dodge	80.10
M. ELLIOTT	U.S.A.	Dodge	80.41
A. TESTARO	Mexico	Dodge	82.81
S. YARSH	U.S.A.	Studebaker	82.69
EUROPEAN STOCK CARS			
G. BARESI	Italy	Alfa Romeo	87.33
L. MANTOVANI	Italy	Alfa Romeo	86.29
M. DELLA PIANA	Italy	Alfa Romeo	86.28
P. CARINI	Italy	Alfa Romeo	86.79
A. BELADONNET	Mexico	Alfa Romeo	82.67
SMALL SPORTS CARS			
H. HERMANN	Germany	Porsche	87.82
A. JENSEN	Guatemala	Porsche	87.56
L. CHIRON	France	Alfa	86.70
P. LEGROS	Argentina	Porsche	84.12
L. CHAVEZ	Mexico	Porsche	83.90

ROAD RACE (continued from page 11)

straight laps through the north country. As they swept out of Tuxtla Gutierrez this year, every rival knew that to win he must beat Maglioli in the mountains. Mounting a large, new 4.9-liter Ferrari, once out of the mountains, Maglioli could eat through the stretches at 170 miles an hour. For the first two days an American, Phil Hill, in a lighter, more nimble Ferrari, stayed 39 seconds ahead of Maglioli. But as the flag waved him off on the third day, Maglioli's jaw was set. Though still in the mountains he swept by Hill. He had only to hold his luck through the rolling foothills and he would be the new king of the Mexican mountains.

Among the other 129 cars in this year's grueling five-day race to Juarez—the Lincolns, Buicks, Cadillacs, Packards and Oldsmobiles in the large stock car class; the Fords, Dodges, Chevrolets and others in the small stock class; the Porsches, Oscars and Borgwards in the small sport class; the Alfa Romeos and Volkswagens in the special European stock class—there



BURNED WRECK of \$20,000 Ford Mustang car crushed by Lincoln President Taiglio driver, who is shown in photo above.



DYING RACE FAN David Ramsey lies by road where he crashed on way to see race start.



DRIVER Ford Robinson lies dead in forest after his car had spun off a mountain curve.

were a few two-car teams, but most were running, like the large sports cars, car against car for a share of the total \$117,000 prize money. Only the Lincolns, out to repeat triumphs in 1952 and 1953, were organized on a grand scale. Following the Lincolns was a trailer retinue to service their seven-car team. For drivers, Lincoln had the best: Chuck Stevenson, who had won the Pan-American for them in 1952 and 1953; Indianapolis winner Bill Vukovich; Indianapolis drivers Jack McGuire, Johnny Mann and Walt Faulkner; Mexican driver Fernando Murphy; and the Pasadena millionaire, Ray Crawford. But this year in the rough and dangerous mountains, even the safety of numbers was barely enough to clutch it for the Lincolns.

The Lincoln crew set up its first advance base 217 winding miles north of the start. Nearly two hours after the first red Ferrari has been waved off in Tuxtla Gutierrez, the Lincoln driver wave radio from an outpost down the road comes alive: "LM Five to LM One . . . here comes the first car . . . a red job. . . ." This would be the first

car off, the 4.9-liter Ferrari drives by Jack McAfee and Ford Robinson, one of the three cars with a good chance to beat Maglioli in the mountains. Within 15 minutes McAfee should be coming by the Lincoln advance base.

McAfee's car comes driving 20 miles an hour into a deceptive right curve, the McAfee's Ferrari broadsides across the road, rolls over twice down a 35-foot bank, crushing down the brush for 100 yards. McAfee is shaken up, Ford Robinson is dead. "No blood," a spectator observes. "A clean break of the neck."

IN A HAIR-RAISING DRIFT

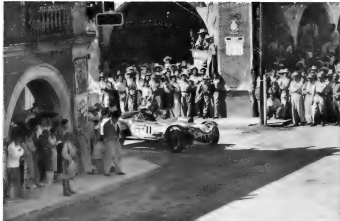
"Two more sports cars," the radio crackles. Through the race sweeps a blue and white Ferrari, howling past in a hair-raising drift, 30 miles an hour. It is U.S. driver Phil Hill, incredibly in first place so soon, though he started almost last among the large sports cars. And hard behind him—barely three seconds—comes Maglioli. Bracco, the wild mountain driver and the only one other than Hill and McAfee who has a sound chance to beat Maglioli in the mountains, should be close behind,

since he started before both Hill and Maglioli. But Bracco's Ferrari is one of nine cars already either completely out or limping badly from the grind of the first morning. The Lincolns of Mann, Murphy and Stevenson are, like Bracco, already out of contention.

Lincoln driver McGuire also goes out on this leg. On a corner, he skids from the road, down an embankment, but is able to climb over it, leaving his car almost completely buried in the jungle brush.

Of the seven-car Lincoln team, that leaves only Vukovich, Faulkner and Crawford. Faulkner leads the remaining three Lincolns into the pit stop. The rules forbid assistance with a tire change during a lap. Faulkner and Co-driver Frank Hainley change the four tires in three and a half minutes. Four minutes later Vukovich pulls up. His language explodes in a fury as a lug wrench fouls, but he changes his four tires in two and a half minutes and is away. As Crawford, the last of the Lincolns, pulls up, Mickey Thompson in a Ford sweeps by, leading the small stock cars—he is safely through the grim

(Continued on next page)



ODDEST RACE CAR, the Miller Special, moves through town at Atlixco. Named for its driver, Aktan Miller, who built it for \$1,500 out of Ford body parts, an Oldsmobile engine, a Cadillac

transmission, Lincoln's brakes and a Nash overdrive, this hot-rod purporting competed against Ferraris costing eight times as much and beat all but four of them to win the fifth-place prize of \$1,200.

ROAD RACE *continued from page 18*

curve in the plains of Tehuantepec where last year he plowed through straying spectators, killing six and nearly himself. In fierce rivalry, the small trucks roar by, screeching, skidding, in twos and threes, almost bumper to bumper, and among them the Italian, Saneli, in an Alfa Romeo, leading the small European stock cars. And for an hour more come stragglers who have lost their courage or luck.

At the first overnight stop at Oaxaca, 127 of the 149 cars are still running. After a record-breaking run, Hill leads Maglioli by four minutes, nine seconds. "Don't clobber the hay bales at Atlixco and ruin your chances," a friend warns. Hill gets through Atlixco, but on sidewalk and balcony around the town square, where the route takes a 90-degree right turn and immediately a 90-degree left, the people of Atlixco have a gay day as car after car skids and broadsides into the hay bales. "Carra a la vista, señores!" (A car in sight, gentlemen) the public-address system blasts out. With a thunderous growl, Maglioli's Ferrari streaks down the narrow streets. There is the "Err-shoommm!" sound of a deft downshift,

and—a minute and nine seconds behind Hill in elapsed time—Maglioli slips easily through the tricky turns.

A WILD SLIDE IN THE BALES

The crowd shrieks delightedly at Maglioli's finesse, but the hot race of the smaller sports cars gives them a greater thrill. It is close between German Karl Berber and Franz Harnmreich in Borgwards, the Argentine Roberto Mieres in an Oca, the Guatemalan Jaroslav Juhan in a Porsche and his teammate Hans Hermann in a Porsche. Racing eagerly to catch a Porsche a scant second ahead, the Argentine in the Oca releases the turn in Atlixco, slides wildly into the curve, scattering the bales like shredded wheat. He is wrecked and out of it. Soldiers drag sandbags to reinforce the hay bales, and for an afternoon the small stock cars keep the show going, slamming and spinning into the hay. Faulkner's Lincoln and Crawford's Paulkner's Lincoln and Crawford's have gone through successfully, but Yukovich is overdue.

Yukovich is out, and lucky to be out with his life. Seven miles south of Petalcingo, he breasted a hill 100 miles an hour, coming suddenly into a blind right turn. Helpless as the Lincoln skidded

across the road on two wheels, he plunged over the side of a 160-foot ravine, turning over five times.

Before the first cars reach Mexico City, down roads lined with thousands of thousands, the small sports car class has been cut to a three-way race. Outside Puebla, Borgward driver Harnmreich hits a dog and crashes off the road.

Into Mexico City, Hill still shows the way to Maglioli, and it is a close squeak for Maglioli as he tries to close on the front-running Hill, averaging 94 miles an hour. A tire blows; Maglioli's Ferrari swerves, starts to slide, then holds the road. One hundred and eleven cars make it under power to Mexico City. The 112th, a Buick driven by Fernando Masel, breaks down two miles from the finish in the noisy defile of spectators. Since they are running ahead of the time limit, to the cheers of the crowd Masel and Codriver Sergio Campo push their car the last two miles, then faint from exhaustion.

Toward the end of the next day's run, a total of 590 miles north from Mexico City, the race will be coming out of the mountains. Maglioli might well wait for the last two days' run on the plateau, but he does not. He overtakes Hill in the mountains. Re-



LINCOLN DRIVER Ray Crawford, a supermarket owner competing for fourth year, won \$17,000 for first in large stock car class.



DODGE DRIVER Tommy Dridale won \$4,000 first place and set a new record of 84.42 miles an hour in small stock car class.



AFTER HASTY PIT STOP, changing four tires in three and a half minutes, winning Lincoln race, Ray Crawford (right) and

Codrider Enrique Iglesias, hurry to get car rolling again. Below: this year Crawford had never placed better than eighth.

sliding he has lost on the winding roads where he had his only real chance, Hill lets Maglioli go and settles for a safe second. This last mountain stretch, up and down and along the sides of the western Sierra Madre range, takes a heavy toll on the rest of the field.

The three-day contest is the small sportscar's only truly strenuous endurance run. After the 100-mile, German Karl Barthel, leading both Porsche and his opponent out of the small race, spun out on a curve at Rio Hondo. While soldiers are recovering injured Barthel, Juanita Pichon of the Dominican Republic, driving the 500,000 Opel Pagos for Dominican President Trujillo, misses the same turn. On the first flip, Pichon is thrown clear, but his car crashes on, felling one of the auditors. Within an hour, a Soviet Frank Davis takes the same turn, plows into the same section, felling two auditors, but survives.

Coleen Patricia Ackerman loses control just south of Aguascalientes, kills two spectators, injures another and fractures his own skull. And on the next day, north of Durango, the Mexican co-driver Leopoldo Olvera crashes into his destination is killed.

For the fourth day's run, 437 miles

from Durango to Chihuahua, there are only 36 cars and here, for Maglioli's big Ferrari, the road straightens out. He has a six-minute lead on Hill, and he runs for Chihuahua as if the whole race park were a car length behind. For the first leg to Parral he averages 112 miles an hour, breaking his own 1953 record. From Parral to Chihuahua he again breaks his own record, hitting over 160 on the long straightaways, and averaging 138 miles an hour. Hill is a well-beaten second, 25 minutes behind, his rear-axle assembly working loose, valve timing off, a magneto out of kilter after the blistering run. Then, for the last short run to the finish at Juarez, Maglioli backs away, playing inside, knowing that he has it so long as he keeps Hill behind him.

A ROARING ESCORT

At dawn of the final day, outside Juarez, airplanes buzzed to be sure not to miss the run for home. By mid-morning there are 100,000 crowding the finish at the Mexican Aeronaves Airport. Private planes pick out the red of Maglioli's Ferrari, trailed by Hill's blue and white. As Maglioli comes into the finish 134 miles an hour, 50 feet overhead a roaring escort of

planes sweeps across the line with him.

He has come 1,988 miles at an average of 105.9 miles an hour, beating World Champion Fangio's 1953 time by 30 minutes. The Porsche team of Hermann and Jahan sweep across the line not a length apart, both averaging over 97 miles an hour for a small sports car record by more than four hours. Though their five teammates had been forced out, Crawford and Faulkner take first and second in the large stock class, to give Lincoln its third straight win. In the small stock class, Dodge wins the first four places, and in the special European stock class, Alfa Romeo wins the first five.

Eighty-seven of the 149 cars finish. Six in all—four drivers and two spectators—have been killed. Over 25 drivers left the wrecks of their cars back in the mountains. It is a costly racing game even for a winner such as Maglioli. From his \$18,000 prize, only \$5,000 will be left after expenses. However much it costs, most of the great ones will be back to try again. "Road races are like roulette players," Maglioli, the new king of the mountains, explains it. "We who race know that it is dangerous, but once we get the fever, we are satisfied with nothing else."

NAVY LET GEORGE DO IT

THESE ARE NUMBERS TO WATCH

NAVY

GEORGE WELSH, QB

Thirty-one passing touchdowns from Thanksgiving to the end of the season. He could play in either game with a good team and not win (being a complete victory).



GEORGE WELSH, QB

Good short passer. Likes to run. Can hurt you as option or end run pass. Not much on long throws. Good judgment as a rule.



FROM SPORTS ILLUSTRATOR'S SCOUTING REPORT (SL, NOV. 22)

GEORGE WELSH is a 21-year-old second classman at the U.S. Naval Academy who plays quarterback on the Navy football team. Before last Saturday's Army-Navy game, George

Welsh was not well known, except on the Annapolis campus and around Coaldale, Pa., his home town. Experts called him a good football player (see SI's scouting report above), but to

most of the 85 million people who sat down to watch the game last Saturday he was just a nameless face and a faceless name lost in the advance publicity.

After the game, George Welsh was famous. Thirty-five million people considered him their own personal discovery. He turned out to be, as the scouting report said, a good short passer who liked to run, a quarterback who hurt Army on the option play, a man of sound judgment. But he was much more than that. George Welsh was the best man on the field. He made the Navy offense go. He worked magic with formations. He split his ends wide, set flanking halfbacks to one side or the

NAVY'S FIRST TOUCHDOWN (DIAGRAMED ABOVE, RIGHT) CAME EARLY. WITH BALL ON ARMY 24 QUARTERBACK WELSH FAKED HAND-OFF.



AND HE DID

by HERMAN HICKMAN

other and always kept the Army defense under pressure by the variation of his maneuvers. He ran the option play with precision and poise, either to the strength of the formation or away from it. He always seemed to know whether to keep or pitch out. He used his fast-moving backs beautifully, seemed always able to turn rambling John Weaver, or charging Bob Craig, or electric Joe Gastum loose at the most propitious moment. He acted as though the breaks that helped Navy were Navy's due, and the breaks that hurt were minor distractions and nothing to worry about. He was brah, confident, aggressive, and his team was the

same way. Perhaps it was the prospect of playing in the Sugar Bowl (they knew they would go if they won) that had the Navy players up. It was certainly George Welsh who kept them up.

He took the initiative in the first period after a fumble gave Navy the ball on the Army 26. He surprised Army with his own option run to the 12 and shocked them with a screen pass to Bob Craig for a touchdown. (Eddie Erdelatz said this screen-pass play was the only innovation he had made in the Navy offense for the game.)

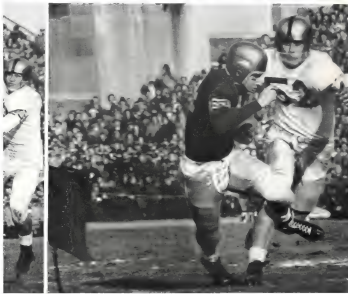
After Army crunched back to score on a 79-yard drive, Welsh calmly set

continued on next page



NAVY'S FIRST TOUCHDOWN. Weaver (16) fumbled left, dropping Army defense. Welsh (12) took ball from center, faked hand-off to Guest (39), then faked to pass. Craig (44) sidestepped Army end, then slipped out to right flank, caught pass there, picked up blockers, went down sideline to score.

FACED BACK, FLIPPED SHORT SCREEN PASS TO HALFBACK CRAIG WHO RACED DOWN SIDELINE AND BANGLED OVER FOR THE SCORE





ARMY'S LAST HOPE DIED ON NAVY'S 2 WHEN PASSER PETE VANN WAS RUSHED AND OVERHELMED BY NAVY'S GATTUORO AND BEAGLE

THE ARMY-NAVY GAME *continues*

the Navy attack to moving again. He gambled for a first down on a fourth-down quarterback sneak at midfield and got away with it. Before Army could curse its luck, he sprang Weaver and Craig on pitch-outs that carried the ball inside Army's 10, and there he threw a pass to Bill Smith for another touchdown.

The Cadets came plowing back, ignoring the pass for the most part, driving through the Navy line with a strong, slashing ground attack. They were rebuffed repeatedly inside Navy's 20 but they scored twice—once after recovering a fumble on Navy's three,

and again on an electrifying 43-yard pass from Pete Vann to Bob Kyasky—to go ahead 20-14.

Welsh & Co. had Navy back in the lead at halftime and picked up another score in the third quarter to put Navy ahead, 27-20, which turned out to be the final score. But watching the fury of the Army attack, you felt that the game would end in a tie. Fullback Pat Uebel was practically unstoppable and Halfback Tommy Bell was not far behind. Well, Army didn't quite make it—the tie—and in the waning moments of the last quarter they could not even protect their passer, but until quite late in the game the issue was very much in doubt.

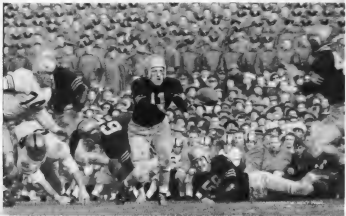
Usually in a game as charged with emotion and tradition as Army-Navy, the pressure on the players is so high that the precision-honed offense suffers, and defensive play—which is more natural—steals the show. But in this game it was not true. The tackling was crisp and sure, but throughout the game, with only a few exceptions, the defensive patterns simply could not hold the explosive offenses.

And a good thing, too. I'm an old Tennessee guard and a former line coach, and I know that I'm probably being disloyal to my defense-minded fraternity, but I thought this was just about the best game of football I've ever seen.



QUARTERBACK WELSH made big contribution to Navy victory with his familiar execution of the "bread-and-butter" play of the split-T attack, the quarterback option in which he can decide to run instead of passing, or handing off, or pitching out. In this example, Welsh took the ball from Center Wilson Whitmore (38) and broke to his left (below), eyeing line for a possible

opening through which he might run himself. Seeing none, Welsh, still moving behind his line to the left, pushed out (below) to Halfback Bob Craig (46), running wide. Army's Dan Hallider and Pat Uebel stopped Craig this time, but most of the afternoon George Welsh had the option working perfectly. With it he kept Army's defense off balance and set up all four Navy scores.





NAVY'S ATTACK was creative and daring, and defied conservative orthodox defensive thinking. Early in the first period Navy recovered an Army fumble on the Cadets' 26-yard line. Here, on first down, George Welsh gambled, elected to keep the ball on the option play, raced 14 yards through a surprised Army

team to the 12-yard line. Thereupon, on first down, he panned. Three plays later Navy had its first touchdown. This aggressive, almost impudic offense contrasted strongly with Army's powerful, methodical attack, piled up yardage, brought open-mouthed roars of approval from the happy corps of Midshipmen (right).



SOUNDTRACK

It's the rule

PASSIONATEly aired a fine idea the other day, Bing took off from Don Canham's article in *SI* (Oct. 25), "Russia Will Win the 1986 Olympics"—which points out that while Russia state-supports its athletes all the way, the U.S. Olympic Committee has to shake the tin cup. Bing's suggestion was both logical and simple: To help raise the million or so dollars the Olympic Committee needs to send U.S. athletes to Melbourne, why not arrange for UCLA and Oklahoma—both unbeaten, untied and uninvited to regular Bowl games—to play a special post-season game?

Chancellor Raymond B. Allen of UCLA promptly put the crusher to that idea: both UCLA and Oklahoma are parties to tidy conference agreements which rule out Bowl games two years in a row for the same team—and UCLA and Oklahoma played in Bowl games last year. The rule works to share the Bowl-game gravy, even when it means second-rung football.

We say too bad on two counts: 1) the Olympic Committee could have used the money and 2) Bowl games ought to pit champions against champions.

Disappearing Bullets

CLAIRE BEE, president and coach of the Baltimore Bullets of the National Basketball Association, had a premonition before the 1984 season began that the path ahead would be almost as rough as it was last year for his cellar-dwelling club. So he wrote to friends around the country in the hopes that some hidden talent could be shipped off to Baltimore. From one of his friends, the head of a West Coast AAU team, he received this reply:

I have no one on my team who could help you.

I have no one on my team who can help me.

I have no one on my team who can help themselves, let alone anyone else.

I do know of someone who can help you. Get down on your knees, brother, and pray.

Coach Bee's prayers were not answered. A few weeks ago he threw in the towel and resigned. But the Bullets staggered on for a few more games. The end came late last week when the Bullets, dead-last in the eastern division and winners of only three of their 14 games, suspended operations for the

rest of the season in the hope of cutting losses and establishing solid financial footing for next year.

Baltimore (and would-be angels) seem to have just two assets in the uncertain months ahead: 1) an NBA franchise and 2) title to a squad that includes Rookie Frank Selvy (see pages 28-27). For the remainder of the season the Baltimore squad will be on loan to other NBA teams. Home for Selvy, who has been leading the league in scoring in his first pro year, will be Milwaukee. There he'll try to boost another cellar club—the Hawks—up a notch in the NBA's western division. Rookie Selvy just might do it, too.

Firm tone

SOME time ago, while in an indulgent mood, England's distinguished 85-year-old actor, A. E. Matthews, began allowing his Kerry blue terrier, Charley the Bastard, to share his bed. At first the dog seemed appreciative in the extreme. As time wore on, however, Charley the Bastard began insisting on a middle position on the mattress and rights to about two-thirds of the covers. Finally, the dog made it plain that he wanted the whole bed to himself, and expressed a growing sense of annoyance by biting Matthews if the actor so much as turned over during the night.

Like many another Englishman with an animal problem, Actor Matthews lost no time in communicating with a tall, wind-blown, Richmansworth housewife named Barbara Woodhouse. And though Mrs. Woodhouse writes, keeps house for a husband and three children, personally cares for two horses and three cows, one of which wears a rug on its back, conducts five dog-training classes a week, and takes no pay for advice on wayward beasts, she was quick to answer his SOS. The

actress, and then scratched its chest. Charley the Bastard leaped up and licked her face. "I get dozens of letters," she cried. "All from people who want to know how to stop their dog from biting. They don't mind if it bites the postman or the grocer, but they want help when it starts biting them. Silly asses! Most of them sound so dull I'd bite them myself. Why can't they understand that all a dog wants is firm commands, leadership and a little fun and games?"

When she departed, Actor Matthews seemed rather dazed. This is a common reaction on the part of Mrs. Woodhouse's widening circle of devotees—she is most famous as the woman who tames wild horses by breathing up their noses, and until meeting her a good many people are inclined to doubt that she is real. After meeting her a good many slump into chairs—comfortable wicker chairs if any are handy.

Perhaps this is to be expected. One has only to listen to Mrs. Woodhouse describe her horse-taming methods—borrowed, she says, from an old Guaraní Indian during a visit to Argentina—to realize she is a remarkable woman. "The Indian told me his tribe did not have to break their horses," she says. "They would just lasso them and then stand near them with their hands behind their backs and blow gently up their nostrils. The horse understands this as 'How do you do?' From then on it is simply a matter of showing it what you want done. I promptly went home and tried this trick on a killer horse. Three men had died trying to break her and I bought her for a song. I stood quietly in a corral where she had been penned and blew down my nostrils. She came slowly up to me. She raised her head until her nose touched mine. I blew gently up her nose and she never moved as I fondled her ears. She stood quite still as I saddled her and mounted and away we went. I'll never want a more glorious creature."

Recently, Mrs. Woodhouse tamed a horse by her stuffing method in full view of a BBC television audience. "He wasn't really a wild horse," she says, "but he was difficult and bit several people when they brought him in. I breathed down my nose at him and he quieted immediately. Before the show was over I had him taking carrots out of my mouth." Mrs. Woodhouse, however, grows quite impatient with people who complain that they have been bitten while trying to breathe into dogs'



actor, in fact, was hardly prepared when she got bricked out of her car in the drive before his house in the London suburbs. "Don't come near," he cried, grabbing the leash of his lugging Kerry blue. "Bastard will bite you."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Woodhouse. She advanced resolutely, whacked the dog smartly about the head, spoke to

**THE EDITORS AGREE WITH BING CROSBY ON A BOWL GAME THAT WON'T
TAKE PLACE, MARVEL AT AN ENGLISHWOMAN, APPLAUD A BULLFIGHTER:
AND OFFER SALUTE TO A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ATHLETE DYING YOUNG**

boxes. "Dogs," she says, "speak an entirely different language." She is quite impatient, as a matter of fact, with all "filly soft dog owners," and makes no bones about it at her dog training classes.

"You're bungling, Mr. Aldale," she called, last week, to one owner. "Dogs are like their masters and if you wobble your dog will wobble." She swung about and cried: "Dear Mrs. Frisky, your voice is like a flatoon. You must sound as if you are terribly keen to do your work and then Frisky will be keen, too." Later, she reflected again on Actor Matthews' problem. "We had Charley the Bastard here for hours and he loved it. Nothing wrong with him that a firm tone won't cure. I'd like to get Matthews' other dog, Sir Norman Birkenst, over here too—he told me Sir Norman won't eat unless he's led in a car with the engine running."

The brave bullfighter

THE STRONG wish of the aficionados is that bullfighting will know another Manolete, a Jecolito, a Belmonte—just as baseball fans dream of a latter-day Babe Ruth, preferably on the home team. This year the ascending star of Willie Mays created far less furor in North American ball parks than did the continued rise of César Gónz in the *plénoles* of Spain and South America.

Matador Gónz, who used to be a baseball player himself once—in high school days in Caracas—has been occupying the center of bullfighting to hail him as one of the greats. So far, most of the experts have held themselves in check, but bullfight crowds have been far less restrained. The crowd's frenzied determination whether the matador is awarded an ear, or two ears—or a tail as well. In Europe this year Gónz fought in 54 *corridos* (about 108 bulls) and cut 109 ears, 35 tails and 10 *asos*, an extraordinary record.

Back from his triumphs in Spain, Gónz was awarded six ears, three tails and a hoof in two fights at Lima. The hoof award is both rare and illegal in Peru, where framers of bullfight regulations have condemned it as bad taste. But at the Plaza de Acho, the director of the bullfight, hearing that President Odría in his ringside seat had joined the clamor for a hoof, screamed to what the newspaper *El Comercio* described as "general insanity."

Gónz's triumph at Lima moved Ho-

radio Paredí, critic for the respected Madrid weekly *Diario*, to proclaim: "Today there was realized in the historic Plaza de Lima the definitive consecration of one of the greatest figures of bullfighting of all time. César Gónz performed a miracle." To Paredí, the 20-year-old Gónz was a "new messiah" and "an authentic figure who knows all the secrets of the fight better than anyone, and, without engaging in cheap tricks or showy paces, delights and moves deeply with the truth and serenity of his performance."

Gónz's typical performance includes placing *banderillas* himself—a job usually done for the matador by a *banderillero*. These are three pairs of sharp-pointed harpoons to be jabbed into the bull's neck muscles to goad him and bring his head down. In this phase, Gónz works with straight body, close to the horns, arms high and feet off the ground at the moment of thrust—a picture of airborne grace. His bravery is exceptional. Repeatedly in the Lima fight, he turned his back on the bull and bowed to the audience, trusting his ears to tell when the bull would start the next rush. Most good bullfighters do this, but Gónz does it early, while the animal is fresh.

Most important in bullfighting is the degree of control the matador shows over the bull. Gónz's control of a truly brave bull is complete. His paces include the classic repertory, executed with artistry, and one of his own inven-

tion which may yet be named the *gironazo*, as Gónz was honored for his powers and *Chirrido* for the *chirrido*. And he excels in the kill, which, Spaniards call "the moment of truth." It is a dangerous moment because the bull is beginning to understand that not the moving *asoleto* but the bullfighter is his enemy and the *asoleto* must be used to bring the animal into a position in which his front feet are close together. This position opens the shoulder blades for the sword thrust into an area about the size of a man's fist. Ordinarily, a matador draws the bull into proper position with a slow movement of the *asoleto* and then, at the precise instant, goes in over the horns for the thrust. But Gónz adds his own touch. He will show defiance, though not ridicule, of the bull and his superb control by using the *asoleto* to turn the bull's head four times, not just once. During any of these turns a gust of wind could disrupt the *asoleto* and the bull could give his attention to the man himself.

Gónz has been good, and severely, but he has persisted in mounting artillery upon courage. Late last month he came home to a hero's welcome in Caracas and dispatched two bulls before President Marco Pérez Jiménez and 13,000 other spectators. The aficionados greeted him with an ornate cape and cheered him repeatedly during the opening parade.

Unfortunately, Gónz's bulls were not of the bravest, a situation which makes it difficult for the matador to show his best work. The crowd acknowledged the difficulty under which Gónz was forced to perform and saw to it that he was awarded two ears for the second. If the crowd had had its way he would have won a tail as well. Critics condemned the bull's tameness but applauded Gónz. He had earned his ears, they agreed.

To an athlete

LEON PATTERSON had an unpromising start. His family left the dust bowl when he was three, only to be caught up in the insecure human tide that follows the harvests up and down California's sun-baked San Joaquin Valley. Leon went to 42 different grammar schools before he started high school in Taft (pop. 3,707), a hot, derrick-bordered oil town in the valley's southern reaches. But for all his setbacks Leon grew into a likely youth—

continued on next page



blind, husky, level-eyed and ambitious. As a high school boy, he stood over six feet, weighed better than 200 pounds and moved with spring-legged grace. The first time he ever potted up a 32-pound shot he threw it more than 60 feet, farther than any U.S. high school boy had thrown it before. He habitually heaved the discus more than 160 feet. He ran the 100-yard dash in 10.1, and was a sensational high school football back. He was one of the great natural athletes of his time; he was also one of the most dedicated, for to Leon Patterson athletics was the path of aspiration, of hope, of happiness.

He knew all three for a short time. An admiring and sympathetic high school teacher extracted him from edge-of-town poverty, took him home, treated him like a son. In an art class (where he painted startlingly competent murals) he fell in love with a teen-age girl named Dixie Kenney. He was promised an athletic scholarship by the University of Southern California—the New York Yankees of the world of track. But the summer he was 17 he took a physical examination and learned that he had Bright's disease. In his case, the doctors told him, he could live perhaps ten years if he gave up strenuous sports.

That autumn he did not report for high school football. "I don't have the time," he told his puzzled teammates. He did not talk about his trouble to anyone for a long time. But Dixie wanted to marry. So did he, and finally he told her his secret. Dixie was shaken—but unswayed. They were married, and Leon accepted the scholarship at USC. As a sophomore last year, he threw the discus 178 feet, 8 inches—farther than any college sophomore in history and within two feet of the Olympic record. Dixie gave birth to a baby boy. The Pattersons lived in a Quonset hut on the campus. They had \$75 a month, and the first real security and happiness Leon had ever known.

Leon worked unthinkingly with the discus. His life—all of it that meant anything to him—was composed of Dixie, the baby and track, and his hours on the field were the price he paid for all three. After all, he repeated stubbornly, the doctors might be wrong. They were—by six years. Week by week his discus throws shortened—he slumped below 170 feet, below 160. At the NCAA meet at Ann Arbor this spring he had headaches and his vision blurred. For all that, he somehow managed a throw of 169 feet, 3/4 inch, and third place.

Then, with his wife and baby to think of, he went back to Taft and got a summer job leading boxcars in the furnace heat; sometimes he worked 17 hours a day. One day in class this fall his sight failed "just as if somebody had turned off a light." After that it was only a question of time. He voiced

no regrets. He was, in his wife said proudly, "a very remarkable person with a kind of inner strength." Leon Patterson died last week. He was 23 years old.

Galahad with a slide rule

AT CARNEGIE TECH this fall, it was almost like the good old days, but with a difference. Tech not only had a good football team, but its strength was in the strength of 1938 because its heart was pure.

In 1938 Carnegie Tech was at the peak of a long, victory-filled football career which began in the 20s under the coaching of Wally Stoffer, a cosmopolitan Chicago magistrate who did not hesitate to take on the biggest and best in the land even though Tech lacked size in its student body. That year Tech went to the Sugar Bowl, where it lost to Texas Christian. Even so, and despite a regular-season loss to Notre Dame, the year was one for the annals. Indeed it was the best Tech would have for many more years, because Dr. Robert E. Doherty had just become president of the college in 1937. He stared hard at a football debt of \$150,000 and ordered de-emphasis. More and more thereafter Tech began to play schools of its own size and in 1943, because of the war, dropped football.

It took up the game again in 1946, a year that Edgar Allan Poe would have described as "most inmemorial." Tech did not score a single point all season. Nor could it win a game in 1947, and in 1948 it lost all but its last

game, which was against Grove City.

It was the sort of thing that leads to the hanging of college presidents in effigy and this happened to Dr. Doherty. Dr. Doherty is now dead but his memory around Tech has become, over the years, a proud one, and he is honored today as the man who established a principle of academic and athletic integrity and made it stick. After that victory over Grove City, Tech football began slowly to improve, until this year the team had an undefeated season, tied only by Leigh (13-13) in the final game.

This undefeated season was achieved on a total athletic budget of \$50,000, which has to do for intramural sports, too. There are athletic scholarships but money for them is raised by alumni, who last year spread a mere \$15,000 over 13 scholarships, ranging from \$340 to \$680 (full tuition) per year. The only other aid a Tech athlete gets is the football training table, in season. He must pass an entrance exam and meet the same scholastic requirements as any other student. And even though he fails to make the team he retains his scholarship for the four years, provided he keeps trying.

The players and Coach Eddie Baker, a dentist, like the arrangement. Eddie Miller, star halfback, had offers from other schools but chose Tech because he wanted a degree in civil engineering. He feels that, while Tech likes victory, the pressure to win is not excessive. As for Coach Baker:

"This is a coach's dream . . . Everyone is happy at Tech."

WITH AUSTRIAN INSTRUCTION, WE SKI

(See p. 58 of seq.)



When you're here around each year,
And no guy "dies" up our beer
We should recall what experts said
On how to NOT ASTRAY RELED!

"Keep skis together! Bend 'em knee!
"Ack! No! It's not the time to sneeze!"
If we forget those thoughts divine . . .
With rust on top—we slip too wise!

"The rear keep close, else, neat tarked
in,
"Don't sway it like a fishes fin!"
If we forget those helpful words . . .
Our futures may belong to birds.

"Move forward, please, the weight we
keep!
"To make the Christy and the loop!"
If this schmutz learning we don't do . . .
We fall behind! This jump thru blood

"A run around now quick we take,
Bring knees, then shoulders!
Smooth! Don't shake!"
Should we forget what hath been said,
Quick! Then our lives, we might be
died!

"When skidding swift, yell loudly,
"Track!"
Or everyone may HIT! WHAM!
SMACK!
They'll pieces pick from talus tree
As we go sliding . . . HEAVENLY!
YAH!

By heart we should instruction know
Then, using our brains, we'll get
And all our noses we'll soon without
Down steepest, highest mountain
route!

—Ruth Spitzer

GIRLS IN THE ROSE BOWL

SET for the Rose Bowl at Pasadena on New Year's Day are football teams from Southern California and Ohio State. Also heading for the Bowl are two other squads, admittedly not as good at football but considerably better-

looking. Presiding over the Tournament of Roses will be one of seven Pasadena City College coeds (top); the losers will act as her court. And cheering their husbands on will be the wives of 12 members of the Ohio State team.



PASADENA'S SEVEN

The Rose Bowl Queen finalists who were selected from 1,800 coeds at Pasadena City College (left to right): Patricia Scott, 18; Renanne Boyd, 18; Joanne Martin, 18;

Marilyn Strain, 19; Jean Gentry, 17; Susan Quarmen, 18; Sheila Brandt, 19. The final judging for the title of Queen of the Roses will take place on December 16.



OHIO STATE'S TWELVE

The wives of 12 Ohio State football players (front row, left to right): Mrs. Dave Leggett, Mrs. Bob Ghessthal, Mrs. Bob Thornton and Mrs. Howard Casady. Back row:

Mrs. Jim Reichenbach, Mrs. Bud Bond, Mrs. Tom Dillman, Mrs. Ken Thompson, Mrs. Jerry Harkrader, Mrs. Lee Nussbaum, Mrs. Tom Spears and Mrs. Jack Gibbs.

continued on next page

BALTIMORE'S RED HOT BULLET

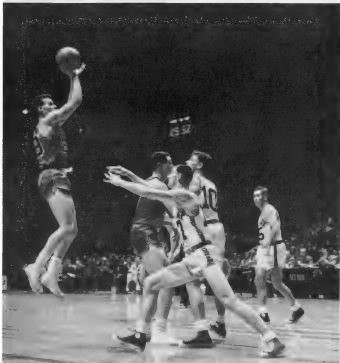
THE BALTIMORE BULLETS of the National Basketball Association were in trouble last week. Firmly mired in the cellar of the eastern division, the flailing Bullets were also in dire need of some financial prining. Civic angels worked feverishly to raise the \$100,000 necessary to rescue the Bullets from

extinction. For their money the angels would receive only two real assets: the franchise and a red-hot rookie guard named Frank Selvy.

Small in stature for pro basketball (6 ft. 3 in.), Frank Selvy attended Furman University in South Carolina. Playing against some of the nation's

top teams he smashed almost every collegiate scoring record in the books—free throws, total points and average—in a three-year career. Drafted by Baltimore for the 1954 season, Rookie Selvy quickly showed he could hold his own against the pros, last week led the league in scoring with 277 points.

PLAYING AGAINST THE NEW YORK KNICKERBOCKERS, FRANK SELVY SETS, LEAPS, SENDS BALL IN HIGH ARC TOWARD THE BASKET





PLAYMAKER SELVY DRIFES DOWN TOWARD BASKET AS KNICKERBOCKER FORWARD HARRY GALLATIN (11) ATTEMPTS TO COVER HIM



SELVY JUMPS, ELUDES GALLATIN. THEN, INSTEAD OF SHOOTING, SELVY PASSES BALL OFF TO HIS TEAMMATE, CONNIE SIMMONS



SIMMONS, PARTIALLY HIDDEN BY KNICKERBOCKER NAT (SWEETWATER) CLIFTON (11), SETS, SHOTS, SINKS IT FOR A TWO-POINTER



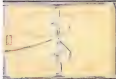
"ON YOUR TOES!" was the cry heard by athletes in Oklahoma City and Amarillo. Basketball players of Oklahoma City University, trying to get a head start on conditioning, volunteered to undergo ballet exercises led by Mrs. Carole Ingman (top). In

Amarillo a band of burly professional wrestlers came to snuff at the rigors of ballet, remained to pray at the temple of Terpsichore after Danseuse Caprice Chastal convinced them that ballet studies would quicken their actions, perfect their balance.





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So Soles too (below). Styled in Italy: Famous McGregor TT Club sportshirt in soft, washable Flanneling with 100% virgin wool imported flannel slacks. \$9.95



Brilliant too (above). What soft luxury in this sweater of 100% lamb's wool! And it's matched strikingly with a smart woven cotton gingham shirt. Completely washable. \$6.00

**Be an
Angel...**



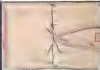
put a gleam in
his eye...with

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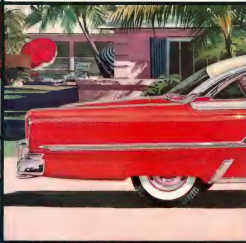


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suspension. New tubular tires at no extra cost. New speed response, smoother Merc-Matic Drive. Most important are the new 198 and 168hp Super-Torque V-8 engines.

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compression, **Super-Torque V-8**



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FIRE ON THE ICE

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

FOR all that has been said and written about the heights of fanatic devotion achieved by the fans of the Brooklyn Dodgers, the Notre Dame football teams and the Australian Davis Cup defenders, it is doubtful if there is any group of sports addicts anywhere which year in and year out supports its team with quite the supercharged emotion and lavish pride expended so prodigally by the citizens of bilingual Montreal on their hockey team, *Les Canadiens—the Canadians*. In June each year, four months before the next season begins, every seat in the Montreal Forum, save 800 or so that the management holds for sale on the day of the game, has been sold out for the entire 70-game schedule. On play-off nights it is not uncommon for crowds seeking standing room to run into several thousands and to swarm over Rue Catherine's Street and beyond onto Atwater Park.

Hockey is deep in the Montrealer's blood. After a fine play by a member of the home team or, for that matter, of the visiting team, the Forum reverberates from the rinkside to the rafters with sharp enthusiastic applause. But many volts above this is feeling and many decibels above in volume is the singular and sudden pandemonium that shatters the Forum, like thunder and lightning, whenever the incomparable star of *Les Canadiens*, Maurice (The Rocket) Richard, fights his way through the enemy defense and blasts the puck past the goalie. There is no sound quite like it in the whole world of sport.

A powerfully built athlete of 33 who stands five-foot and now weighs 180, having put on about a pound a year since breaking in with *Les Canadiens* in 1942, Joseph Henri Maurice (pro-

nounced Mohr-ah, with the accent about equally divided) Richard (Rae-shar'), gallantly handsome and eternally intense, is generally regarded by most aficionados, be they Montrealers or strangers, as the greatest player in the history of hockey. Whether he is or not, of course, is one of those spurious arguments that boil down in the final analysis to a matter of personal opinion. However, as Richard's supporters

invariably point out, hockey is in essence a game of scoring, and here there can be no argument: the Rocket stands in a class by himself, the outstanding scorer of all time. Flip through the pages of the record book: Most Goals—384, set by Maurice Richard in 12 seasons (with the next man, Nels Stewart, a full 60 goals away); Most Goals in One Season—50, set by Maurice

(continued on next page)

TENSE AND BLOODY, RICHARD ACCEPTS LOSER'S TRIBUTE FROM BRUINS' JIM HENRY



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OFF BALANCE but still shooting, Richard lunges to poke the puck past Goale

Rosenbom of Detroit Red Wings, Canadian's archrival. Shot barely released cage.

FIRE ON ICE *(continued from page 41)*

Richard in a 50-game schedule in 1944-45; Most Goals in a Play-off Series—12; Maurice Richard; Most Goals in a Play-off Game—5; Maurice Richard; Longest Consecutive Scoring Streak—at least one goal in 9 consecutive games; Maurice Richard; and so on and on. The record book supplies no entry for Most Winning Goals, but several Montreal fans who lovingly compile all Richardiana can document that, by the beginning of the season, their man had scored the goal that won no less than 19 regular season games and 3 play-off games.

It is not simply the multiplicity of Richard's goals nor their timeliness but, rather, the chronically spectacular manner in which he scores them that has made the fiery right-winger the acknowledged Babe Ruth of hockey. "There are goals and there are Richard goals," Jack Irvin, the old "Silver Fox" who has coached the Canadiens the length of Richard's career remarked not long ago. "He doesn't get lucky goals. Let's see, he's scored over 390 now. Of these, 370 have had a flair. He can get to a puck and do things to it quicker than any man I've ever seen—even if he has to lag two defense men with him, and he frequently has to. And his shots! They go in with such velocity that the net and all bulges."

THE SEIBERT GOAL

One of the popular indoor pastimes year-round in Montreal is talking over old Richard goals—the which one you thought was the most neatly set up, which one stirred you the most, etc., much in the way Americans used to hot-stove about Ruth's home runs and do today about Willie Mays's various

catches. In Irvin's opinion—and Hector "Two Blake and Elmer Lach, Richard's teammates on the famous Punch Line also feel this way—the Rocket's most sensational goal was "the Seibert goal," in the 1945-46 season. Earl Seibert, a strapping 225-pound defense man who was playing for Detroit that season, hurled himself at Richard as he swept on a solo into the Detroit zone. Richard occasionally will bend his head and neck very low when he is trying to outmaneuver a defense man. He did on this play. The two collided with a thud, and as they straightened up, there was Richard, still on his feet, still controlling the puck, and, sitting on top of his shoulders, the burly Seibert. Richard not only carried Seibert with him on the way to the net, a *four de force* in itself, but with that tremendous extra effort of which he is capable, faked the goalie out of position and with his one free hand somehow managed to hoist the puck into the far corner of the cage.

There are two interesting epilogues to this story. The first concerns Seibert and serves well to illustrate the enormous respect in which Richard is held by opposing players. When Seibert clambered into the dressing room after the game, Jack Adams, the voluble Detroit coach, eyed him scornfully. "Why, you dumb Dutchman," he began, "you go let that Richard—" "Listen, Mr. Adams," Seibert cut in, interrupting Adams for the first time in his career, "any guy who can carry me 60 feet and then put the puck into the net—well, more power to him!" And that ended that. The second ridge to the story is that Richard is perhaps the only hockey player who, to increase his ability to operate with a burden, has frequently spent an extra half hour

after the regular practice sessions evening full steam around the rink with his young son, Maurice Jr., "The Petit Rocket," perched on his shoulders.

There is no question that Richard's most heroic winning goal was "the Boston goal"—the one he scored against the Bruins three years ago to lift Montreal into the finals of the Stanley Cup play-offs. It came late in the third period of a 1-1 game in which the Canadiens were playing badly. Richard is particular. Early in that period Maurice received a deep gash over his left eye. He was taken to the clinic inside the Forum, and the cat was hastily patched up. Blood was still trickling down from the dressing over his cheek when he returned to the bench and took his next turn on the ice. "I can see that goal now," Frank Selke Jr., the son of the Canadiens' managing director reminded recently. "Hundreds of us can. Richard sets off a chain reaction whenever he gets the puck, even if it is just a routine pass. It's strange

and wonderful, the way he commingles with the crowd. Now, this time he got the puck at our own blue line and you *know—everybody knows*—that the game was over right then. Here's what he did. He slipped around Woody Dumart, who was the check, and set sail down the right-hand boards. Quackenbush and Armstrong, the Boston defense men, were ready for him. He swung around Armstrong with a burst of speed, using his right hand to carry the puck and fending off Armstrong with his left, but Quackenbush planted him into the boards in the corner. And then, somehow, he broke away from Quackenbush, skated across in front of the net, pulled Jim Henry out of the goal, and drove it home."

For 10 years now because of his courage, his skill, and that magical uncultivable quality, true magnetism, Maurice Richard has reigned in Montreal and throughout the province of Quebec as a hero whose hold on the

continued on next page



LE PETIT ROCKET, Maurice Jr., cut-down hockey stick and all, talks things

over with his father in Canadiens' dressing room after practice sessions together.

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public has no parallel in sport today unless it be the country-wide adoration that the people of Spain have from time to time heaped on their rare master matadors. The fact that 76% of the citizens of Montreal and a similar percentage of the Forum regulars are warm-blooded, excitable French-Canadians—and what is more, a hero-hungry people who think of themselves not as the majority group in their province but as the minority group in Canada—goes quite a distance in explaining their idolatry of Richard. "If Maurice were an English-Canadian or a Scottish-Canadian or a kid from the West he would be lionized, but not as much as he is now," an English-Canadian Richard follower declared last month. "I go to all the games with a French-Canadian friend of mine, a fellow named Roger Oulete. I know exactly what Roger thinks. He accepts the English as as good as anyone. But he would hate to see the French population lose their language and their heritage generally. He doesn't like the fact that the government's pension checks are printed only in English. He feels that they should be printed in both English and French since the constitution of the Dominion provides for a two-language country. For Roger, Maurice Richard personifies French Canada and all that is great about it. Maybe you have to have French blood, really, to worship Richard, but you know, you only have to be a lover of hockey to admire him."

NO CLEFT CONNECTIONS

As cheap as Babe Ruth of hockey, Richard is the highest-paid player in the history of the game. While Les Canadiens' front office prefers not to divulge his exact salary, it amounts to a very healthy chunk of his estimated annual income of \$80,000, which is filled out by his commissions for endorsing such products as a hair tonic and the Maurice Richard-model wind-breaker, his cut from the sale of *Le Rocket de Hockey* and other publications about him, and his occasional appearances during the off season as a wrestling referee. "Maurice could earn much more than he does but he has been careful not to connect himself with anything cheap," Carol Des Roches, the Canadiens' publicity director, says. "If he wanted to, he could referee a wrestling bout every night of next summer. His appearance is enough to insure the success of any affair in the province, from wrestling to a church outing." A few years ago, Richard and his teammate Kenny Reardon dropped

in for lunch at the Canadian Club, a restaurant in Montreal. "When the other dim-witted Rocket," Reardon relates, "they began to pass the hat for him. It was a spontaneous gesture of appreciation. They collected \$50, just like that. People can't do enough for him." Richard, in consequence, is the perfect companion to travel with should you journey anywhere in the province of Quebec. No one will let him pay for a meal, for lodgings, for transportation, for anything.

And what about Le Rocket? How does he react to this fantastic adulation? Perhaps the surest key is the way he conducts himself after he scores one of his roof-raising goals. Down on the ice, below the tumult of tribute, Richard, while the referee is waiting for the clamor to subside before dropping the puck for the next face-off, cruises solemnly in slow circles, somewhat embarrassed by the strength of the ovation, his normally expressive dark eyes fixed expressionless on the ice. In his actions there is never the suspicion of the idol recognizing the plaudits of his fans. The slow circles which Richard transcribes after he has scored serve a distinct purpose for him. They add up to a brief moment of unending, one of the few he is able to allow himself during the six-month-long season. "Maurice," Toe Blake once remarked, "lives to score goals." It is not that Richard pats himself above his team or the game. Quite the contrary, in fact. But here—and he has never been any other way—is a terribly intense man who, like so many of the champions who have endured as champions, is forever driving himself to come up to the almost impossible high standard of performance he sets, whose pride in himself will not let him relax until he has

continued on page 72



INWARDLY AFIRE, the Rocket waits for his turn with Lineas-Bers (Montreal)

THE RETURN OF PADDY KINSELLA

This work of a young Irish writer
is included in 'The Red Petticoat,'
to be published by E. P. Dutton

by BRYAN MACMAHON

FAR AWAY the train whistled. The sound moved in rings through the rain falling on the dark fields.

On hearing the whistle, the little man standing on the railway bridge gave a quick glance into the up-line darkness and then began to hurry downward toward the station. Above the metal footbridge, the lights came on weak and dim as he hurried along. The train beat him to the station; all rattle and squeak and bright playing cards placed in line, it drew in beneath the bridge. At the end of the station the engine lunched uneasily; then it puffed and huffed, blackened and whitened, and eventually, after a loud release of steam, stood chained.

One passenger descended—a large, awkward man with scarred brows and a flattened nose, a boxer with little of the boxer's grace. He was dressed in a new cheap suit and overcoat. A black stubble of beard littered his scowling

continued on next page



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT RICER

howls. The eyes under the cap-visor were black and daft. In his hand he carried an old attaché-case tied with a scrap of rope. Dourly slamming the carriage door behind him, he stood glaring up and down the platform.

A passing porter looked at him, abandoned him as being of little interest, then, as on remembrance, glanced at him a second time. A hackney driver, viewing with disgust the unprofitable door handles, smiled grimly to himself at the sight of the big fellow. Bareheaded boys grabbing cylinders of magazines that came hurtling out of the luggage van took no notice of the man standing alone. The rain's falling was visible in the pecking of the cut limestone on the edge of the platform.

Just then the little man hurried in by the gateway of the station. His trouser-ends were tied over clay-daubed boots above which he wore a cane-off green Army greatcoat. A sweat-soiled hat sat askew on his head. After a moment of hesitation, he hurried forward to meet the awaying newcomer.

"There you are, Paddy," the small man wheezed brightly, yet not coming too close to the big man.

The big man did not answer. He began to walk heavily out of the station. The little man moved hesitatingly at his side, asking questions to which he received no reply.

"Had you a good crossing, Paddy?" "Is it true that the Irish Sea is as wicked as May Eve?" "There's a fair share of Irish in Birmingham, I suppose?" "How many fights is it you've won, in all?" Finally, in a tone that indicated that this question was closer to the bone: "How long are you away now, Paddy? Over six year, eh?"

Paddy ploughed ahead without replying. When they had reached the first of the houses of the country town, he glowered over his shoulder at the lumpy bridge that led over the railway line to the open country. After a moment or two he turned his gaze away and looked at the street that led downhill from the station.

"We'll have a drink, Timothy," the big man said dourly.

"A drink, Paddy."

The pub glittered in the old-fashioned way. The embossed wallpaper between the shelving had been painted lime green. As they entered the bar, the publican was turning with a full pint-glass in his hand. His eyes hardened when he saw Paddy: he delayed the fraction of a second before placing the glass on the high counter.

Wiping his hands on a blue apron, the publican asked, "Back again, eh, Paddy?" with false cheer. "Will you be fighting now in Ireland?" A limp hand-shake followed.

Paddy granted, then lurched toward the far corner of the bar. There, sitting on a high stool, he crouched against the counter. Timothy took his seat beside him, seating himself sideways, as if pestering the big man from the gaze of the other customers. Paddy called for two pints of porter; he paid for his call from an old-fashioned purse bulky with English treasury notes. Timothy raised his full glass and ventured: "Good health!" Paddy growled a reply. Both men tilted the glasses and gulped these quarters of the porter. Paddy set down his glass and stared moodily in front of him. Timothy carefully replaced his glass on the counter, then placed his face closer to Paddy's ear.

"Yeh got my letter, Paddy?"

"Aye!"

"You're not mad with me?"

"Mad with you?" The big man's laugh startled the bar.

There was a long silence.

"I got yer letter," Paddy said abruptly. He turned and, for the first time, looked his small companion squarely in the face. Deliberately, he set the big, bannered index finger of his strong, boxer's hand inside Timothy's collar-stud. As, slowly, he began to twist his finger, the collar-band tightened. When it was taut, Paddy drew Timothy's face close to his own. So intimately were the two men seated that the others in the bar did not know what was going on. Timothy's face changed color, yet he did not try to release himself.

"Yer swearin' 'is true?" Paddy growled.

"God's gospel, it's true!"

"Swear it!"

"That I may be struck down dead if I'm tellin' you a word of a lie! Every mortal word I wrote you is true!"

"Why didn't you send me word afore now?"

"I couldn't rightly make out where you were, Paddy. Only for Danny Grogan's comin' home I'd never have got your address. An' you know I'm not handy with the pen."

"Why didn't you let me the way I was—not knowin' at all?"

"We to be better always, Paddy. I thought it a shame you to keep sendin' 'er hushin' o' money an' she to be like that! You're chokin' me, Paddy!"

As Paddy tightened still more, the buttonhole broke and the stud came away in the crook of his index finger. He looked at it stupidly. Timothy



quietly put the Y of his hand to his chafed neck. Paddy threw the stud behind him. It struck the timbered encasement of the stairway.

"Ach!" he said harshly. He drained his glass and, with its heel, tapped on the counter. The publican came up to refill the glasses.

Timothy whispered, "What'll you do, Paddy?"

"What'll I do?" Paddy laughed.

"I'll drink my pint," he said. He took a gulp. "Then, as likely as not, I'll swing for her!"

"Sek!" Timothy said.

Timothy glanced into an advertising mirror: behind the picture of little men loading little barrels onto a little lorry he saw the publican with his eyes fast on the pair of them. Timothy warned him off with a sharp look. He looked swiftly around: the backs of the other customers were a shade too tense for his liking.

Then suddenly the publican was in under Timothy's guard. Swabbing the counter, he said, "What way are things over there, Paddy?"

"Fair enough."

"I'm hearin' great accounts of you from Danny Greaney. We were all certain you'd never again come home, you were doin' so well. It must be fifty or sixty fights you've had. Now'll you content yourself with a small place like this, after what you've seen? But then, after all, home is home."

The publican ignored Timothy's threatening stare. Paddy raised his daft eyes and looked directly at the man behind the bar. The swabbing moved swiftly away.

"Swing for her, I will!" Paddy said again. He raised his voice. "The very minute I turn my back, she—"

"Sek!" Timothy said. He smelted his almost empty glass, then said in a loud whisper, "The bloody stout is casky. Let's get away out o' this!"

The word "casky" succeeded in moving Paddy. It also ticked the publican's pride. After they had gone, the publican, on the pretence of closing the door, looked after them. He turned and threw a joke to his customers.

They roared with laughter.

Paddy and Timothy were now wandering toward the humpy bridge that led to the country. Timothy was carrying the battered case. Paddy had his arm around his companion's shoulder. The raw air was testing the big trap's sobriety.

"Nothin' hasty?" Timothy was advising. "First of all we'll pass out the cottage an' go on to my house. You'll

sleep with me tonight. Remember Paddy, that I wrote that letter out o' pure friendship."

Paddy lifted his cap and let the rain strike his forehead. "I'll walk the galloways high for her!" he said.

"Calm and collected, that's my advice."

"When these two hands are on her throat, you'll hear her squeals in the eastern world!"

"Nothin' hasty, Paddy, nothin' hasty at all!"

Paddy pinned his friend against the parapet of the railway bridge. "Is six years hasty?" he roared.

"For God's sake, let go o' me, Paddy! I'm not a fightin' man—I can't fight you back. I'm the only friend you have left! Let go o' me! There!"

The pair lurched with the incline. The whitethorns were now on each side of them, releasing their raindrops from them to thorn in the darkness. Across the ridge of the battery, a fan of light from a lighthouse swung its arc on shore and sea and sky. Wherever there was a break in the hedges, a bout of wind mustered its forces and vainly set about capturing them.

Paddy began to growl a song with no air at all to it.

"Hush, man, or the whole world'll know you're home," Timothy said.

"As if to sweet hell I cared?" Paddy stopped and swayed. After a pause, he muttered, "The other fellow—is he long gone?"

Timothy whispered, "One night only it was, like Duffy's Circus." He set his hat farther back on his head and then, his solemn face tilted to the ead of the moon, said "You want my firm

opinion, Paddy? 'Twas nothin' but a chance fall. The mood an' the man meetin' her. 'Twould mebbe never again happen in a million years. A chance fall, that's all it was, in my considered opinion."

"Did you ever know me to break my word?" Paddy said loudly.

"Never, Paddy!"

"Then I'll swing for her! You have my permission to walk into the witness box and swear that Paddy Kinsele said he'd swing for her! Swing for her! Swing for her!" He resumed his singing.

"We're right beside the house, Paddy. You don't want to wake your own children, do you? Your own fine lawful-got sons! Eh, Paddy? Do you want to wake them up?"

Paddy paused. "Lawful-got, be God—You've said it there!"

"Tomorrow is another day. We'll face her tomorrow and see how she braves it out. I knew well you wouldn't want to disturb your own sons."

They stumbled on through the darkness. As they drew near the low thatched cottage that was slightly below the level of the road, Timothy kept urging Paddy forward. Paddy's boots were somewhat more rebellious than before. Timothy grew anxious at the poor progress they were making. He kept saying: "Tomorrow is the day, Paddy! I'll put the rope around her neck for you. Don't wake the lads tonight."

Directly outside the cottage, Paddy came to a halt. He swayed, and glowered at the small house with its tiny recessed windows. He drew himself up to his full height.

"She in bed?" he growled.

continued on next page

"She's up at McSwaney's. She goes there for the sake of company. Half an hour at night when the kids are in bed—you'll not begrudge her that, Paddy?"

"I'll not begrudge her that!"

Paddy yielded a single step, then planted his shoes still more firmly on the roadway. He awayed. "The . . . ?" he said.

"A girl, Paddy, a girl."

"Go in on six year, is it?"

"That's it, Paddy. Six year."

Another step. "Like the dam, or—the river?"

"The dam, Paddy. Mostly all the dam. Come on now, an' you'll have a fine sleep tonight under my roof."

Paddy eyed the cottage, expressed his contempt of it, then spat on the roadway. He gave minor indications of his intention of moving forward. Then, unpredictably, he pounded of the restraining hand of Timothy, pulled violently away and went awaying toward the passage that led down to the cottage.

After a fearful glance upward, Timothy wailed, "She'll be back in a minute!"

"I'll see my lawful-got sons!" Paddy said.

When Timothy caught up with him, the big man was fumbling with the padlock on the door. As on a thought, he turned aside and groped in vain in the corner of the window sill.

"She takes the key with her," Timothy said. "For God's sake, leave it till mornin'."

But Paddy was already blundering on the cobble pathway that led around by the gable of the cottage. Finding the back door bolted, he stood back from it angrily. He was about to smash it in when Timothy discovered that the hinged window of the kitchen was slightly open. As Timothy swung the window open, the smell of turf smoke emerged. Paddy raised his boot against the wall and dug in the plaster until he gained purchase of a sort. "Gimme a leg!" he ordered harshly.

Timothy began clawing Paddy's leg upwards. Belaboring the small man's shoulders with boot and hand, the big fellow foundered through the open window. Spread-eagled on the kitchen table, he breathed deeply for a full minute, then laboriously worked his way, stepping down onto a sagan chair, to the floor.

"You all right, Paddy?"

Paddy grunted.

"Draw the bolt of the back door, Paddy."

A long pause followed. At last the

bolt was drawn. "Where the hell's the lamp?" Paddy asked as he floundered in the darkness.

"She has it changed. It's at the right of the window now."

Paddy's match came erratically alight. He held it aloft. Then he went forward and removed the lamp chimney and placed it on the table. "Sall right?" he said, touching a match to the wick and replacing the chimney. Awkwardly, he raised the wick. He began to look here and there about the kitchen.

The fire was raked in its own red ashes. Two sagan chairs stood one on each side of the hearthstone. Bellware glowed red, white and green on the wide dresser. The timber of the chairs and the deal table were white from repeated scrubbing. Paddy scowled his recognition of each object. Timothy stood watching him narrowly.

"See my own lads!" Paddy said, focusing his gaze on the bedroom door at the rear of the cottage.

"Alay!" Timothy counseled.

Lighting match held aloft, they viewed the boys, four lads sleeping in pairs in iron-headed double beds. Each of the boys had a mop of black hair and a pair of heavy eyebrows. The eldest slept with the youngest and the two in between slept together. They sprawled anyhow in the various postures the deep sleep of youth assumes.

Paddy had turned surprisingly sober. "Clare to God," he said, "I'd pass 'em on the road without knowin' 'em."

"There's a flamin' lad!" Timothy caught one of the middle boys by the hair and pivoted the sleep-loaded head. Transferring his attention to the other of this pair: "There's your livin' spit, Paddy!" Indicating the eldest: "There's your own old fellah born into the world a second time, devil's black temper an' all!" At the youngest: "Here's Bess—he was crawlin' on the floor the last time you saw him. Ay? Bully pup all."

"Bully pup all!" Paddy echoed loudly. The match went out in his fingers. When there was darkness: "My lawful-got sons?" he said bitterly.

Timothy was in the doorway of the room. "We'll be off now, Paddy," he said.

Paddy joined him.

Timothy said, "One of us'll have to go out by the window. Else she'll spot the bolt drawn."

Paddy said nothing.

"You'll never manage the window twice."

"I'll be after you," Paddy said.

Timothy turned away reluctantly.

"Where's the girl?" Paddy asked. He was standing at the end of the kitchen.

"She's in the front room. You're not goin' to . . . ?"

Paddy was already at the door of the other room.

"She sleeps like a cat," Timothy warned urgently. "If she tells the mother about me, the lat'll be in the fire!"

Paddy opened the door of the front room. Breathing heavily, he began fumbling with the matchbox again. Across the window moved the scudding night light of the sky. The match light came up and showed a quilt patterned with candlewick. Then, abruptly, where the bedclothes had been a taut ball there was no longer a ball. As if playing a merry game, the little girl, like Jill-in-the-box, flax-curtled and blue-eyed, sprang up.

"Who is it?" she asked fearfully. The match light was high above her.

Paddy did not reply.

The girl laughed ringingly. "You're in the kitchen, Timothy Hannigan," she called out. "I know your stuffs."

"Holy God!" Timothy breathed.

"I heard you talking too, boyo," she said gleefully as the ember died in Paddy's fingers.

"To me all right, Maag," said Timothy, coming apologetically to the doorway of the room. "Come on away," he said in a whisper to Paddy.

"Didn't I know right well 'twas you, boyo!" Maag laughed. She drew up her knees and locked her hands around them in a mature fashion.

Another match sprang alive in Paddy's fingers.

"Who's this fellah?" Maag inquired of Timothy.

Timothy put his head inside the room. "He's your—your uncle."

"My uncle what?"

"Your uncle—Paddy."

Paddy and Maag looked fully at one another.

Timothy quavered, "You won't tell your mother I was here?"

"I won't so!" the girl laughed. "Wait till she comes home!"

Timothy groaned. "C'm on away to bed outa this!" he said, showing a spark of spirit. Surprisingly enough, Paddy came. They closed the room door behind them.

"Out the back door with you," Timothy said. "I'll manage the lamp and the bolt."

"Out, you!" Paddy said. He stood stolidly, like an ox.

Dubiously, Timothy said, "Very well!"

Timothy went out. From outside the back door he called, "Shoot the bolt

continued on page 84

Announcing the new DeSoto for '55



Two mighty V-8's. In the foreground the all-new **DE SOTO**, a brand new DeSoto V-8 (see page 4) with the latest **FIREFLITE**—now at a new low price—385 hp.

Styled for Tomorrow

Hardly five feet high, the DeSoto for '55 is longer, wider, and lower than ever before. Note the forward-looking freshness in every line. Styled for tomorrow, the new DeSoto creates a "first" in modern cars. Truly a car that will stay in style as long as you drive it.

Have your favorite colors? Choose from fifty-five combinations of exquisite colors. Freshly blues, greens, an entire range of pastels.

Look again! See that curved New Horizon wrap-around wind-burled with its smart new Sun Cap. It is swept back to give you 20 per cent more glass area for maximum visibility. You see as never before.

New elegance, new interiors

Swing open the door of this superb new car. Exquisite fabrics and glamorous hues are gently contrasted with sparkling metal trims. Silky velours, new sculptured weaves, genuine leathers, sponge-rubber-burled nylon carpets! Each color combination is harmoniously created to enhance DeSoto's fresh new look.

Drive the new DeSoto! You'll find every control located for utmost convenience. Moved out of your way to the dash is the new **Flite-control-shift lever**. And the new extra-wide pendulum-type brake pedal is suspended from above for fast, easy action.

A new V-8 at a lower price

Here's more welcome news! The new **Fireflite** series comes to you at a new, lower price. At the same time, this beauty of a car packs extra horsepower . . . now 385 hp, to be exact. New this year, also, is the fabulous **Fireflite** . . . DeSoto's 200 hp. V-8 luxury series.

DeSoto leads, too, in automatic features. Optional equipment includes **Full-Time Power Steering**, **Power Brakes**, **Four-Way Power Front Seat**, and **Air Conditioning**.

DESOTO

STYLED FOR TOMORROW

AFRICA'S BIG GAME

PHOTOGRAPHED BY YLLA

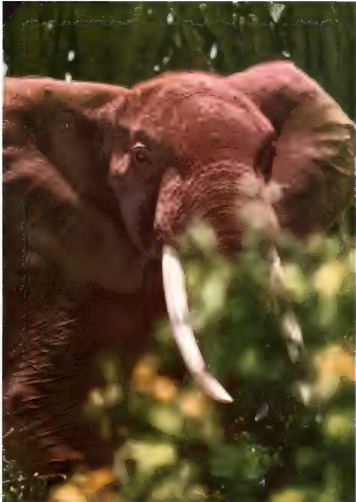
ANSWERING ONE OF THE OLDEST CALLS known to man, the challenge to hunt huge and dangerous animals, a small army of tourists will soon be trekking to Africa. Most of them will be starry-eyed neophytes, overloaded with the paraphernalia of safari, and eager to explore the land of the lethal lion. But not all will bear arms. Amateur cameramen are beginning to outnumber hunters, and records indicate that more trophies are being bagged by the telephoto lens than by the bone-shattering impact of a 500-grain bullet.

The Short Rains will end a little before Christmas, and out on the veld the antelopes will appear once more to nibble the new grass. In Nairobi, traditional hub of safari, outfitters will have repaired their lorries and jeeps and inspected their gear, and safari boys with anthracite complexions and ivory grins will be on hand to see what breed of *Bombus* drops in from the skies to become their charge. Tough business tycoons from the States will fawn upon their White Hunter and hang upon his every word, while he in turn looks them over with a probing eye, judging what will happen when the shooting is inaccurate. Out in the bush, the tenderfoot will gape at the lions and rhinos and quake inwardly at their proximity; he will miss an easy shot at some prize, and in the jeep he will be bounced around until his scrolics shriek. He will have so much fun he will forget that the tab is \$100 a day, and he'll return home in triumph to talk like old Trader Horn himself, to brag a little, lie a lot, and plague his wife with stuffed heads and out-of-focus movies as he dreams of returning to the Promised Land.

TEXT BY RUSSELL BARNETT AITKEN

The African tusker is trouble by the ton. A rogue bull as cranky now can kill a hunter by goring him on a rock, by rolling on him, or by trampling him under a foot bigger than a bar stool.







The mighty lion has been a top trophy since the seventh century B.C. when Assyrian king immortialized his image on the palace walls at Nineveh. Due to their thornbush habitat, few males ever attain full manes, and blackmaned specimens are rare. The lioness does most of the killing for food and has been known to attack hunters. It is then that the White Hunter earns his pay as the ruler's "insurance."

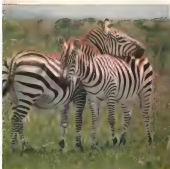




Elephants trek early in the morning and late in the afternoon to the nearest water to drink and bathe. On the way they often push over big trees to get at the tenderest top leaves, their favorite food. In the noonday sun they like to snooze in the shade of an acacia tree, resting their heavy trunks on limbs.

The rhino's hide is not as thick as is popularly supposed and one of the reasons why he wallows in mud is to acquire a protective layer against tick-birds. They tear flesh from open sores found on many rhinos. These animals are nearsighted and their "horns" are agglutinated hair, attached to the skin but not to the skull.





The zebra's skin, prized by Paris decorators early in the modern-bricker craze, put this striped relative of the horse handy on many safari west lists. Favorite food of the lion, the zebra has a mean disposition, is addicted to kicking and biting, and loves to roll around in the dust.



The tallest animal is the giraffe, emblem of Tanganyika. Bored and easily killed, he is not considered a sporting trophy and White Hunters have spent respect for a silent who insists on shooting one. Baiting bulls fight each other by using their huge heads like battle-axes.





The sleepy hippos of Mitto Andel are among Kenya's rarest animals. Halfway between Nairobi and Mombasa, in a game reserve, lies a crystal-clear pool of soda water, home of a dozen or more drowsy hippos, who rest on the bottom and lift rotation rise rhythmically to the surface.

They can stay under for a maximum of approximately six minutes, and like to use each other as pillows when submerged. The hippopotamus is rarely killed by poachers, although he was once persecuted almost to extinction for his big ivory teeth and tough, hard-to-hide.



Jumping stars of Africa are the impallas, who can make leaps 12 feet high and 30 feet long while in the heavy grass. They do this to see if lion or leopard lurks ahead. Their aerial antics are poetry in motion. The big trophy bucks bear handsome black lyrate horns which measure up to 30 inches.



Scavengers of the bush are the vultures, capable of stripping an antelope to bare bones in less than 30 minutes. Endowed with incredible vision, they hover far out of sight and glide down in greedy multitudes within seconds after a shot is made. The sight of vultures clustered in a tree indicates that there is probably a lion on a kill near by.

YOU SHOULD KNOW: about an African safari

The new safari

SAFARIS nowadays aren't as rugged as they used to be, and for most of us they still represent the kind of dream which we would like to fulfill if only Uncle Oscar or Aunt Hettie remember us in their wills. The lure of the untamed jungle, the fascination of the greatest and most savage of wild animals running free in their native land, is a strong one. And for those who can afford it or those who want to save for it, safaris can be accomplished in safety and comfort. Today's big-game hunter is carried to his game in specially built cars and trucks out of Nairobi, in Kenya Colony, the world's safari capital. Game is selected and spotted for him, even shot for him surreptitiously should he miss. Multicourse dinners in the wilderness, foam-rubber sleeping mattresses and linen sheets make the modern safari seem like a Waldorf on wheels. For those who want to dream, for those who are saving for it, or for those who can afford safari right now, here's what you need to know.

• • •

It's expensive

None of the conveniences of a modern safari come cheaply. Nor can they be arranged for on the spur of the moment. Your safari must be planned a year in advance. Remember, it takes four months to ship your gear to Nairobi, which is not exactly around the corner. You should expect to pay something like \$7,000 to \$10,000, including travel expenses, for a one-month safari for two, allowing two weeks for getting to Nairobi and back and several days there on either end of the safari proper to make all arrangements.

• • •

When to go . . .

Make your safari between rainy seasons. Long rains occur from late March to mid-June and short rains from late October to early January. Generally, your best month is August, with July, September and February next best. In the rainy seasons, safari becomes too difficult because of swollen rivers and boggy roads.

• • •

. . . where . . .

Five areas are especially recommended. Take in one or more, depending on what you're after and how long you can stay. In general, you'll find lion, buffalo, eland and plains game in the Masai Reserve in Kenya. The Garissa area is the best elephant country in East Africa and also features Hunter's antelope, lesser kudu and gerenuk. Isiolo and Garba Tula are renowned for bird shooting, cheetah, waterbuck and greater kudu. Northern Tuganyika provides rhino, roan antelope, fringe-eared oryx, plains game, topi and fine bird shooting. For big specimens, the Northern Province District of Kenya has a high concentration of game which has not been overshot—rhino, buffalo, leopard, oryx, wildebeeste and impala. For photographic safaris, try Amboseli National Park or any of the game preserves where hunters are not allowed.

• • •

. . . and for how long

Most safaris last a month to ten weeks. The 30-day safari is recommended for persons whose time and enthusiasm are limited. It offers ample opportunity to bag a reasonable number of trophies and see many more. If extra time is available, take one or more of the numerous side trips out of Nairobi—to the national parks, game preserves or the heights of Mts. Kenya or Kilimanjaro.

• • •

Preparations

You'll need a regular passport as well as special visas for Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika. Apply to the British Consulate for these. Immigration authorities require a vaccination certificate and certificate of inoculation against yellow fever that must be franked by a government department. Inoculations against typhoid are recommended.

continued on next page

YOU SHOULD KNOW continued

Money can be transferred to Kenya easily. Open an account with the Standard Bank of South Africa, Nairobi, with enough funds to cover all expenses. The current exchange rate is \$2.80 to the pound sterling.

Equipment

For clothes, use neutral colors for hunting apparel at all times. Don't overload on clothes, as servants on safari wash them nightly for you. A recommended list to bring from home includes two pairs of light, ankle-height walking boots with rubber soles, sneakers, raincoat, a pair of walking shoes, three changes of undergarments, six pairs of gray or khaki wool socks, neutral-color woolen pull-over sweater, two pairs of pajamas and sunglasses. Items bought more conveniently in Nairobi include two khaki drill bush shirts and trousers (custom fitted in 48 hours at \$12.50 a suit), three khaki shirts, mosquito boots, sun helmet and a tin trunk to hold clothing.

Nonprofessional photographers should bring a .35 mm. still camera with 13.5 cm. or equivalent photo lens and tripod and gun stock mountings, .16 mm. turret-head camera with 1", 3" and 6" wide-angle lenses, exposure meter and film. You are allowed free import of 500 feet of eight and 16 mm. film per week for a one-month stay, 1,000 feet thereafter if intended for safari use and brought in with the baggage accompanying you personally.

Guns

Bring your own weapons or rent them (about \$34 a month) from the group planning your safari. They will advise you of the best weapons for the game you want. In general, the best rifle for big, dangerous game is the heaviest caliber you can handle accurately. Bird hunters should use a 12-gauge double-barreled shotgun. Select from suggested light-caliber 30.06 Springfield or Winchester, .300 Magnum or .275 Rigby Magnum; medium-caliber .375 Holland & Holland Magnum, .375 Magnum, .350 Rigby Magnum or .318 Westly Richards; or heavy-caliber .465 Holland & Holland, .470 Evans or .475 model. Light or medium rifles will suffice for plains game.

Ammunition

For ammunition, an approximate month's supply includes 30 solid and 20 soft rounds for heavy rifles, 200 silvertip and 40 solid rounds for medium rifles, 400 rounds each for light and .22 rifles and 100 No. 4 and No. 6 for shotguns. Arms licenses costing \$1.40 are required for all weapons.

Licenses

Big-game licenses are required at extra cost. A major license for hunting most game costs \$140, with additional licenses required for shooting one elephant (\$210), two rhinos (\$84), one leopard (\$28), two giraffe (\$42) and one ostrich (\$6). Typical safari licenses total about \$500.

Safari organizations

These groups will provide nearly everything on safari proper *except liquor*, of which one case per person a month is suggested for moderate drinkers. Remember, your white hunter, or professional guide, expects to share your cocktail hour as well as comparable accommodations to yours in the field. The safari organization provides tentage, equipment, food, medicine chest, native staff and all motor transport, with a free allowance of 1,000 miles on the hunting car and 1,000 miles on the truck. You can contact a safari organization by writing the East Africa Tourist Travel Association, Box 2013, Nairobi, Kenya Colony, East Africa. Tourist agencies in the U.S. can also help you.

Getting there

Air is best as sea travel takes several weeks. TWA, BOAC, Scandinavian Airlines or Air France will get you to Nairobi. Round trip for one is about \$1,160 including tax and pickup flight from Mombasa to Nairobi.

To sum it up, if you have the time, the money and the desire—safari will be an enormously rewarding experience. Good luck!

by The Know-it-all



IRELAND'S LIUZZI (LEFT) AND AMERICA'S FETTER, THOMAS AND WILLETTS TAKE OFF WITH A RUSH AFTER THE BALL IN 4-4 GAME

Photo by John Doe

MOTHER STANDS AT GUARD

Field hockey has never enjoyed much of a vogue in America. But it is an exciting game that takes skill, stamina and courage—and mothers play it

by SARAH PALFREY

LAST WEEK, on what women in the United States turned to Thanksgiving Day dishes, a small band of dedicated females wielding large wooden sticks chased up and down the green athletic fields of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, busily engaged in what, by anybody's standards, must be judged a strange competition. Grouped in teams of 11, they played in a tournament that had no winner and no championship.

There were other anomalies. The women were dressed in blouses, short, colored tunics and ankle-length socks and looked for all the world like school girls. They weren't. Many of them were past 30. Some worked in offices, some were housewives with children. Most of them, had they not discovered field hockey, might earlier have settled for more sedentary ways of life. Instead they galloped with abandon between goal posts 100 yards apart, maneuvered a hard, white, leather-soled ball deftly at the curved end of their

sticks and now and then met the ball solidly sending lead, satisfying thwacks ringing across the crisp fall air.

The occasion was the annual United States Field Hockey Tournament and the players were the best in the country. They had come to Michigan from as far west as California and as far south as Richmond at their own expense to play before almost empty sidelines, a fact they hardly seemed to notice. The practitioners of one of the country's least-publicized and most-amateur sports were used to being ignored.

But glory might eventually be theirs too. The 11 best players in the tournament (and to pick the best is the only reason for holding the tournament; that's why there are no team championships) are hockey's All-America. From its ranks, provided they have the time and the money, come the players of the U.S. Touring Team who, in most years, would travel to Europe to pit the best in American hockey against international teams before crowds upwards of

continued on next page



IN EXCITING MOMENT AT HUNTER COLLEGE, N.Y. GAME, A FORWARD LETS GO WITH



BULLET DRIVE AS OUTMANEUVERED GOALIE

FIELD HOCKEY *continued from page 51*

10,000. It is doubtful they will go this year, however, because the women are hoarding up their cash for a trip to Australia in 1966.

It is in soccer-conscious countries outside the United States that field hockey is appreciated for what it is: a fast, exciting sport, requiring great skill, a deep reservoir of stamina and courage—about equal parts of each. The physical facets of the game require as much.

A LOT OF RUNNING

The one object is to get the ball past the goal posts, but under conditions that would warp most football players. The field generally is 100 yards by 50. The players are allowed to play in any section, which means they do a lot of running; there are two 30-minute periods, no time-outs and no substitutions. In the U.S., substitutions may be made when a woman is hurt, but in Britain, where the game is really rough, the periods are five minutes longer and when a woman has to leave the field because of injuries her team must resume with one less player. The British like their style of play so much that a game scheduled for next March in Wembley Stadium between an English all-star team and an as yet unnamed opponent has already sold 23,000 tickets.

The enthusiasm of one Britisher was responsible for planting the game in the United States. Various forms of field hockey have been played by men since early Greek history, and the sport had been seen on rare occasions in the U.S., where it was considered a man's game and not a very interesting one at that. But in 1887, women in Europe turned their hand to the game and then in 1901, Constance M. K. Applebee, of the British College of Physical Education, came to study at the Harvard summer school. "The Apple," as Miss Applebee came to be called, was persuaded to put on a demonstration on a

concrete "pitch," (we call it a field) at Harvard. The sticks and balls were improvised and crude, and the players wild and unskillful. Their enthusiasts, though, made up for whatever ability they lacked and a demonstration soon followed at Vassar. The game caught on rapidly and it wasn't long before it had become a regular fall sport at many of the leading Eastern women's colleges.

Shortly thereafter the center of American field hockey migrated south to Philadelphia where it remains today. In any year, as many as three-quarters of the women selected on the U.S. team come from around Philadelphia. The reason is clear enough. More people there play field hockey than in any other section, but why that should be is something of a mystery. It has been said that some Philadelphians will go to any lengths to out-ceed the British. The view in other quarters is that Philadelphians generally guard jealously a tradition of rugged independence, and if in other communities young ladies deem it socially awkward to be seen vigorously pounding the

greenward, the Philadelphia lady shall carry on regardless. Whatever, on any Saturday morning of the fall in towns like Germantown, Bryn Mawr and Haverford on the Main Line, it is not at all unusual to see mother park junior by the side of a field and go dashing off gayly into the heat of battle. With some natives, a "flick," a soft pop of the ball over the goalie's stick, regarded as the game's neatest play, is held in as high esteem as Fishhouse Punch or classes at Agnes Irwin.

It was a Philadelphia player, Charlotte Cheston, who first applied to the Olympic Games Committee in 1920 for permission to enter a ladies team in the games to be held in Antwerp. The emphatic turndown from the committee ended with the line, "certainly not women's hockey." The committee had sufficient gallantry, however, to forward Miss Cheston's letter to the English Hockey Association which responded immediately by inviting the ladies to tour England that fall. The Americans, amazed at the talent of the English players, now for the first time how field hockey should be played. They have been in a race ever since to catch up. Meanwhile, women's teams are still not recognized by the Olympic Committee, although the men are.

In recent years the caliber of American play has improved immeasurably. On Oct. 4 of this year the 1953 All-America Team tied an Irish Touring Team 4-4. This is equivalent, roughly, to the Haverford College football team battling Notre Dame to a standstill. With many of the same persons back on the 1954 and probably the 1955 teams, the U.S. should fare better than it has in previous international competition when it journeys to Australia.

But it has no illusions about winning. Ireland is not regarded as the best of the world's teams. In the last international games in 1953, Britain was first, South Africa second and Australia third. The teams are expected to remain in about that order. Other



MOST FAMOUS U.S. STAR, ANNE TOWNSEND



(ABOVE, RIGHT) CHASES HER, THEN LEAPS IN GLEE AS TEAMMATE DEFLECTS BALL PAST GOALPOST FOR HENRYSTOPPING NEAR MISS

nations with good teams include New Zealand, Denmark, Sweden, Wales and Germany. The game is played in most other West European countries and in India, where the teams are light, but fast and clever.

The same 1933 games demonstrated another fact about field hockey. It can be as democratic as any other sport. The player roster read like the guest list on television's "What's My Line." It included most everything from an airline hostess to a decorator, doctor, farmer, lawyer, machinist, pastry cook, translator and umbrella maker.

HIGH LIVING

This is not quite so true as exclusively American matches. The game has a long, European school reputation here, and on an average team the reputation is somewhat deserved. A majority of the players are college graduates and women who have not been too unfamiliar with life surrounding a higher income bracket. This is less so, however, in seasonal and national tournaments. It is as difficult for one income class to play the sport as the next, and an average seasonal all-star team will include a fairly representative cross section of America's families.

The most famous and probably best player ever turned out on an American field was Anne Townsend, from Philadelphia. Miss Townsend captained and was the ranking member on the All-American Team from 1923 through 1930, with one year out in 1934 when Frances Elliott displaced her. The amazing thing about her was that she made All-America in four different positions. Now in her fifties, "Townsend" (field hockey people seem to have a facility for nicknames) is coach and executive of Camp Menominee n. C., Carondelet, Minn., one of two field hockey camps in the country. The other is Mount Powers Camp in Pennsylvania, run by Miss Appleby.

After Miss Townsend came Miss Elliott, who for years was America's

best goalie; Barbara Strebisgh, a left halfback with great speed and a penetrating knowledge of the requirements of every position on the team; and Betty Richey, a skillful stick-handler. Miss Elliott's nose-too-soft kicking toe made many a notable save but it was known to have plucked a few justice-flors in its day when defense backs charged Miss Elliott's vision.

Among today's players, the best are Betty Shellenberger, a forward who has played every position on the forward line at one time or another, Ann Velp, our most aggressive forward who has fine control over the ball, Nancy Swain, a steady defensive player and present president of the Hockey Association, Patricia Kenworthy Nichols, who has great speed, and Alice Putnam Wilkins, noted for her beautiful stick-work and "sympathetic" passing.

For all its potential roughness, field hockey is held in check by some of its rules. The most important is one that outlawed "dangerous hitting," game jargon for undercutting the ball so that it rises. Another bars raising the stick above the shoulders.

The penalty in either case is a free shot at the ball from the point where the foul occurred. The penalized team must stand still at least five yards away and can take no defense until the ball is hit. A penalty may not be particularly important at midfield but when it is imposed in front of a defending goal it can mean the difference between winning and losing.

However, violating the rules might be, though, there has never been anything about them that prevented the girls from going at it with all the fury of a west wind. As John Allen, husband of a present All-American, Helen M. Allen, put it, "The girls go living, working during the game. You have to see them to know what I mean."

They do, but they make amends too. In the 1933 matches in England a Spanish player charged a Dutch opponent, knocked her down, picked her up, kissed her on both cheeks and then roared on. For them, as hockey plays everywhere, the sport is more than just a game. It's a way of life—and with its fine traditions of sportsmanship, a good one.



HOCKEY STICKS RAISED, GIRLS OFFER CHEER AFTER ABOVE GAME ENDED IN 0-0 TIE

SKIING IN AMERICA

by JAMES LAUGHLIN

IF the skier of 1954 were to see a film of the race held on Mount Moosilauke, N.H. one afternoon in the winter of 1927, he might think he had seen a competition for youngsters. The Carriage Road on Moosilauke is gently graded for vehicles, so that the racers had to pole furiously in the flatter parts; and there was even an uphill stretch on the lower half of the course. Yet this race in 1927, in which some Dartmouth students, a handful of enthusiasts from Boston and members of the Appalachian Mountain Club competed, was one of the first formally organized downhill skiing races in this country. As such, it marked the beginning of one of the most rapid and extraordinary histories of growth in American sport.

It is hard to know exactly how many Americans this winter will pour out of the cities to slide down snow-covered hillsides. Some rather headstrong statisticians have gone as high as five million, but last year's figures reveal at least two million people of all ages paid a total of \$70 million for some kind of ski equipment, and it is reasonable to assume that those who bought equipment went out and used it.

Only a few skied in competition. About one skier in 50 goes into a race, one in a thousand ever learns to jump. But the day is gone when skiing was confined to a small band of highly skilled experts who jumped and schussed for spectators who would never have dreamed of putting skis on their feet. American skiing is now a family sport. Everybody wants to go.

At Mount Baker near Seattle, or at Aspenhoe Basin near Denver, I have

seen a young father heading down the mountain with a toddler, papooselike, in his rucksack. Mother, it's true, may do a bit of sitting by the lodge fire, and the littlest ones may spend more time throwing snowballs than skiing; but the 10-year-olds will soon be leaving the ropetow on the easy practice slope to follow father up the chair lift and beat him down the big slopes.

While the young predominate in winter's new armada because the sport is so new, there are plenty of couples in their 40s and 50s who will take off in February or March—the favorite teakling months—for a leisurely holiday in Aspen, Col.; or Sun Valley, Idaho; Squaw Valley, Calif.; or Stowe, Vt. They'll be prepared to spend \$15 or \$20 for a comfortable room in a pleasant lodge and perhaps half as much again for lift passes and private lessons. Not that they need to learn the fundamentals. They are veterans of several seasons, but they know that when they ski behind a wizard like Fred Iselin, co-head of the ski school at Aspen (see short p. 64), or Bob Beardon at Stowe, their run will be smoother and faster. They will ski out of their class because of the instruc-

tor's skill in picking the best line down the mountain, choosing the right spot for each turn, avoiding the deep runs in an overbeaten track and finding the patches of still-fresh snow if their taste runs to powder.

SOFT SNOW IN THE MORNING

Or if they are in Utah, perhaps in April, they may have Al Eagan or Jack Reddish take them over the pass from Alta to Brighton, where they can run down Mount Milliecent early in the morning when the sun has just softened the surface of corn snow over a hard base, when their skis will seem to glide themselves without effort in long, drifting arcs with so gull on the muscles—a sensation like dancing, only more free and unconstrained.

Having plenty of time, they will take only two or three trips up the mountains each day and will pass up the days when a blizzard is swirling or bad light makes the running uncertain. Not so lucky the younger ones who cannot get off for a winter vacation. They must pack all their skiing into weekends, with perhaps a few extra days wheedled from the boss around Christmas or Washington's Birthday. They will set off by car after work on Friday, perhaps driving late into the night to get to Mad River Glen or Big Bromley in Vermont from one of the eastern cities, to Yosemite or the Donner Summit from San Francisco, or to Mount Baker or Mount Rainier from Seattle. They'll be content with a boarder's room in a farmhouse, or a tourist cabin, or they may belong to a ski club which maintains a bunkhouse for its members near the mountain. For them it's the

best condition on page 61

NEXT WEEK

Skiing in Europe

A look at European skiing in 1955 by Sir Arnold Lund, who tied on his first ski in 1898

Snow Patrol

Beginning a weekly SE column of reports on snow conditions at all major ski areas in America

Skiers and their automobiles crowding against the slopes of Big Bromley Mountain at Manchester, Vt. are a colorful reminder that this week thousands of Americans will try their luck at one of the most thrilling adventures in sport. From the packed trails of the East to the wide-open powder runs of the Pacific ski regions, eager tyros and graceful veterans (next page) will join the greatest armada of enthusiasts in the history of winter sports

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY M. HARRISON





Etched against the brilliant blue of an Oregon winter sky, a jumper skims in perfect control far above



the fir's of Multnomah Mountain heading, apparently, for a landing on the gleaming dome of Mt. Hood

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAY ATKESON



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ski school class if they still need instruction. That usually means two hours before lunch and two again after, in groups of eight or 10 skiers to a teacher and class tickets costing about three dollars for the day.

The kind of instruction given in American ski schools this winter will vary from place to place. Each teacher has his special pedagogic tricks. Usually, however, it will be a blending of Hanses Schneider's Arlberg method with the *methode française* made famous by the great French racer Emile Allais. The Arlberg technique first came to this country in the early 30s and was embraced by half a dozen top Austrian instructors of various resorts; but the victories of French teams in European races in the 40s gave enormous publicity to the new system the French had developed at Chamonix, Megève and Val d'Isère. By now the sound of battle between the adherents of the two schools has died down and most American professionals are combining the best elements of both to fit local conditions.

Both systems teach a skier to turn by body rotation, shifting the weight from one ski to the other to change direction. The Arlberg method, however, begins with the snow-plow position (skis pointed together in a V) until the learner has mastered enough rhythm to turn with his skis parallel, while the French system leads the beginner into his swing from side-slipping practice with the skis together. Either way the

end results are about equal, for, as one case-hardened ski bum remarked to a tourist at Aspen, "After they get past 20 miles an hour, they all ski the same."

SADISM AND PSYCHOLOGY

Actually, the best teachers always try to give a pupil an individual style that suits his particular build and strength, rather than force him into a special mold. The sadists of an earlier day, who kept screaming "Bend-knees!" until the victim fell from sheer exhaustion, are giving way to the canny psychologists like Siggi Engl at Sun Valley or Ernie McCulloch at Mont Tremblant, who charm their pupils into confidence. With safety bindings (see below) now nearing perfection, accidents are decreasing among beginners, and two concentrated weeks or a winter's worth of weekends will make a fair skier of the most awkward beginner.

An even harder breed than the weekenders are the Sunday skiers, who can get away from the city for only one day. They get up early in the morning, strap their skis to racks on their car tops and set off sometimes on a three- or four-hour trip. Many of the 300,000 skiers in the Middle West go long distances for a day's fun, even when the snow cover is light. In the Rockies and the Far West, however, the loved really flourishes, and early on a winter morning the roads out of Denver, Salt Lake City, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles

are dotted with cars crawling up the long inclines from warm valleys to the snow-shrouded hills.

Last winter the U.S. Forest Service counted 698,115 visitors, nearly all carborne, in the ski areas in Washington and Oregon. All these places in the Northwest, except Mt. Rainier, where nature lovers have prevented the National Park Service from cutting through the woods with an uphill conveyance, have excellent ski lifts servicing long, steep slopes. The most fascinating of these metropolitan snow retreats is Southern California. In an area usually associated with sunshine and bathing suits, skiing has suddenly become the thing to do. More and more Californians are leaving the beach, piling their families into an automobile and heading back into the mountains. In Los Angeles, for example, it is estimated that 40,000 skiers make the two-hour drive from the palm-lined city boulevards to places like Mt. Baldy, where promoters have invested over half a million dollars in one big chair lift to carry skiers up from the highway to the snow, and another lift to service the slopes above snowline at 5,400 feet.

Here again, the statistic-minded Forest Service has made an impressive count—1,700,000 visits made to California ski areas last year, over 90% of them by car, with over 2,600 automobiles at Snow Valley on one average Sunday afternoon.

Text continued on page 60

BIG SELLER: SAFETY BINDINGS



Ski stores throughout the West and Midwest report that their fastest-selling items are release bindings—special attachments that hold the boot firmly to the ski, but release under the pressure of a severe header. There are three main types: heel release—like the Tyrolia, in which the heel pops out in a forward fall and the toe springs out in a twist; toe release—like the Ski Free, in which the toe comes out first and the heel follows; and the clamp type—like the Cubco—which can be adjusted to act

either way, but requires special pivots on the toe and heel of the boot. New Englanders have cooled toward the new-fangled gadgets after the Ski Patrol at Stratton reported 60% of all accidents happened to people wearing safety bindings. The report added, however, that poor adjustment caused the injuries. Therefore if the skier gets his bindings on by an experienced mechanic and has an expert check the tension for different snow conditions, he can be reasonably sure of getting the optimum binding a big

GOOSE MTN.

MT. BAKER

SANIT

WHITEFISH

MT. SHASTA

SUN VALLEY

JACKSON

TERRY PEAK

SQUAM VALLEY

RENO

ALTA

MT. BALBY

BRANDON

ASPEN

SANTA FE

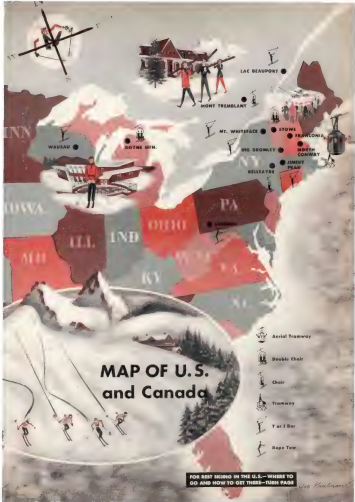
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MAP OF U.S. and Canada

-  Aerial Tramway
-  Double Chair
-  Chair
-  Tramway
-  T or J Bar
-  Rope Tow

FOR BEST SKIING IN THE U.S.—WHERE TO
GO AND HOW TO GET THERE—TURN PAGE

Joe Kautzman

TWELVE TOP SKI SPOTS IN AMERICA

ALTA, UTAH

TRANSPORTATION to Alta by all major public carriers to Salt Lake City, then 28 miles south on good road to Alta. Best idea is to come by car.

BEST SEASON March 1 to April 1, with ease from Dec. 1 to April 1.

PACKAGE DEAL at Alta Lodge offers seven days' lifts, lessons, room and board in dormitory for \$75, twin beds \$88. Boulder's Lodge gives six days' room and board for \$45. Write Salt Lake C. of C. for other housing.

UPHILL FACILITIES include 3,800-foot double chair, 2,700- and 1,000-foot single chairs.

BEST BUMS feature deep powder—experts try High Rastler, novice try Corkscrew.

SKI EQUIPMENT available for rent at all lodges. Cost per day for boots, poles, and skis: \$2.50.

AFTER SKIING at Alta you go to bed. Some lodges offer dancing and Salt Lake City has conventional entertainment.

ALF ENGIN



Engen heads Alta ski school; teaches Arberg technique to beginners, intermediate, advanced and racing classes for \$2.50 per hour, \$5.50 for semiprivate, \$7.50 for private lessons.

ASPEN, COLORADO

TRANSPORTATION to Aspen best by train to Greenwood Springs, then 48 miles south-east by bus to Aspen. Car in Aspen is an unnecessary luxury.

BEST SEASON Jan. 6 to Feb. 10, with good snow from Dec. 15 to April 15.

PACKAGE DEAL at Hotel Jerome gives seven days' room and board in dormitory, seven days' lift, six days' lessons for \$89. Other housing information from Aspen Chamber of Commerce.

UPHILL FACILITIES include 5,590- and 5,000-foot single chair, 4,500-foot double chair, 1,310-foot T bar.

BEST BUMS feature powder and corn snow. Best Mt. expert, Little Nell novice.

SKI EQUIPMENT available for rent at many shops in town. Cost per day for boots, poles, and skis: \$2.75.

AFTER SKIING entertainment is rounded but mild. Good restaurants, cozy night clubs, see movie house, bowling and dancing for the young and strong.

FRIEDL PFEIFER



Pfeifer and Fred Inaba co-direct Aspen school, teach Arberg—parallel is four class levels from novice to expert at rate of \$5 per day, \$9.50 per day private, \$5 each additional person.

BANFF, ALBERTA

TRANSPORTATION to Banff by train or plane to Calgary, then 85 miles by rail or bus to Banff. Buses take skiers to Mt. Norquay, but not to town.

BEST SEASON Feb. 1 to March 15, with snow from Dec. 1 to April 30.

PACKAGE DEAL at three Banff hotels offers six days' room, board, lifts, lessons for \$59. Write to the Banff Chairlift Co. for this and other packages, and to the Banff Information Office for other housing.

UPHILL FACILITIES include 5,240-foot chair lift servicing all slopes.

BEST BUMS feature powder snow, many runs safe for novices.

SKI EQUIPMENT available for rent at shops in Banff. Cost per day for boots, poles, and skis: \$2.50.

AFTER-SKI entertainment is outdoorsy, energetic. Swimming in hot springs, skating and curling are examples. Dancing, bowling, movies are indoor diversions.

PETER VAN WAGNER



Van Wagner heads ski school at Banff; teaches Canadian technique (Arberg-Frenck) in groups for \$2.50 daily fee, \$5 full day. Package of seven lessons \$18, private by arrangement.

MT. HOOD, OREGON

TRANSPORTATION to Portland by all major public carriers, then bus 55 miles to Government Camp, then car or aerial tram to Timberline. Best to go by car.

BEST SEASON Jan. 1 to April 1, with snow from Dec. 1 to May 15.

PACKAGE DEAL at Timberline Lodge offers five days' dormitory (no Saturdays), six days' meals, lifts, lessons for \$82; or six days' meals and dorm, plus 12 lessons, \$71. Other lodging at Government Camp or woods on Portland route.

UPHILL FACILITIES include 3,670-foot Government Camp-Timberline aerial tramway, 3,600-foot Timberline chair.

BEST BUMS feature powder and corn snow, touring for those willing to climb.

SKI EQUIPMENT available for rent at all lodges. Cost per day for boots, poles, and skis: \$2.50.

AFTER SKIING most people drive home. For weekends and longer, dancing at Timberline and hotel at Gov't Camp.

GUSTE WEBER



Weber heads ski school in this area, teaching the Swiss technique. Classes are set up informally, according to need. Group instruction costs \$2 for a full day, private lessons cost \$5.

MT. TREMBLANT, QUE.

TRANSPORTATION to Montreal by all major public carriers, then daily trains, buses and planes 91 miles to ski area. Car optional but useful if skier stays in St. Jean, 7 miles from Tremblant.

BEST SEASON Feb. 7 to March 28, with good snow Dec. 15 to April 15.

PACKAGE DEAL at Mt. Tremblant Lodge and its cottages offers seven days' room, board, lift, lessons for \$79 to \$115. Other lifts at Tremblant and at St. Jean's for those with cars.

UPHILL FACILITIES include two 3,999-foot chair lifts.

BEST BUMS feature packed snow, corn powder. Excellent area for intermediates.

SKI EQUIPMENT available for rent at Mount Tremblant. Cost per day for boots, poles, and skis: \$3.

AFTER SKIING entertainment is bright and varied. Mt. Tremblant Lodge offers two bars, nightly dancing, sleigh rides, skating—all very good.

ERNIE McCULLOUGH



McCulloch heads ski school at Mount Tremblant, teaches a streamlined version of Arberg method. Group lessons cost \$2.50 per hour, special rate of \$10 for group of four skiers.

SANTA FE BASIN

TRANSPORTATION to Santa Fe, New Mexico by all major public carriers, then 16-mile taxi ride to ski area. Car essential, especially for alternate sightseeing.

BEST SEASON Feb. 28 to March 31, with snow Dec. 1 to May 1.

PACKAGE DEAL at hotels in Santa Fe offers room, board, equipment rental, transportation to area, lifts, lessons for \$14.50 per day. Write Ski Development Corp., c/o Ernest Blake, Rt. 3, Santa Fe.

UPHILL FACILITIES include 2,700-foot double chair; also jump to pick up skiers at bottom of racing trail.

BEST BUMS offer powder and corn snow, open slopes good for beginner and expert.

SKI EQUIPMENT available for rent in Santa Fe. Cost per day for boots, poles and skis: \$1.

AFTER SKIING entertainment: Local ski shop throws party every weekend, La Ponda hotel lights fire in afternoon for skiers' cocktail hour.

ERNEST BLAKE



Blake heads Santa Fe ski school, teaching a modified Arberg technique. Eight levels of classes cost \$2.50 per lesson. Private instruction \$14 with special rate of \$5 per lesson for two.

BOYNE, MICHIGAN

TRANSPORTATION from Chicago 400 miles by bus or plane to Petoskey, then taxi 56 miles to ski area. From Detroit 238 miles by plane or bus to Petoskey; snow bus direct from Detroit to Boyne on weekends. Car is best.

BEST SEASON Jan. 1 to Feb. 15. Snow from Dec. 30 to March 15.

PACKAGE DEAL with Greyhound from Detroit offers round trip, room, board, lift, lessons for weekend, \$23. Boyne Mt. Lodge offers five days' room, board, lift, lessons, \$59.

UPHILL FACILITIES include 1,699-foot double chair, 1,568-foot T bar.

BEST RUNS feature trail skiing, four open slopes—all packed snow.

SKI EQUIPMENT available for rent in shop area. Cost per day for boots, poles, skis: \$4.

AFTER SKIING entertainment limited: ice skating, swimming in heated outdoor pool, organized games, movies.

STEIN ERIKSEN



Eriksen, Olympic and world champion, just turned 70, heads ski school for teachers. Arlberg is four class levels at a \$2 per hour rate for groups, \$5 per hour for private instruction.

FRANCONIA, N.H.

TRANSPORTATION by plane to Lebanon, N.H., then taxi 70 miles to Franconia; or train to Littleton, N.H., then taxi eight miles. Car is best. Bring skis.

BEST SEASON Feb. 20 to March 20, with snow from Dec. 15 to April 1.

PACKAGE DEALS do not exist at Franconia. Many lodges in town offer special packages (Monday-Friday) rate of \$30-65. Write Franconia Ski Association for full leaving information.

UPHILL FACILITIES include 5,469-foot aerial tram, three T bars totaling 6,800 feet.

BEST RUNS feature packed powder. Tall in expert, Cannon Intermediate.

SKI EQUIPMENT available for rent at Franconia village ski shops. Cost per day for boots, poles, and skis: \$5.

AFTER SKI entertainment warm and pleasant but on modest scale. Basic sign is fireplace, with some square dancing, pleasure bars, cozy inns.

PAUL VALAR



Valar heads ski school, teaches modified Arlberg to beginners, slalom, cross-country and parallel slalom classes at \$4 per day, \$13 for eight group lessons. Private instruction, \$15.

MT. BAKER, WASH.

TRANSPORTATION from Seattle by plane, train or bus 88 miles to Bellingham, then 56 miles east by car to Mt. Baker. Car is by far the best way to go.

BEST SEASON Jan. 15 to March 1, snow from Nov. 15 to July 1.

PACKAGE DEALS do not exist in Mt. Baker area. This is Seattle weekenders' paradise, with Mt. Baker Lodge (\$2 for one night in dormitory) only 300 feet from mountain. Other lodgings in Bellingham.

UPHILL FACILITIES include 3,896-foot chair lift.

BEST RUNS feature powder and packed snow. Excellent tearing for those willing to climb.

SKI EQUIPMENT available for rent at Mt. Baker Lodge. Cost per day for boots, poles, skis: \$2.

AFTER SKI entertainment almost nonexistent. Lodge has movies, informal singing. Nearest bar is in Glacier, 20 miles away.

DAVE RANKINS



Rankins teaches Arlberg technique to classes arranged informally for every level of ability, charges \$1.50 per hour for lessons to various groups, and \$2 per hour for private instruction.

SQUAW VALLEY, CAL.

TRANSPORTATION by car 200 miles from San Francisco or 110 miles from Sacramento. Bus from Reno 40 miles to Truckee, then taxi 15 miles to mountains.

BEST SEASON Feb. 21 to March 20, with snow from Nov. 24 to May 20.

PACKAGE DEAL at Squaw Valley Lodge offers six days' room, board (without lunch), five days' lift, lessons, \$79-\$113. Half down other inns at mountain catch weekend overflow from Lodge. Some housing at Truckee, but our needed.

UPHILL FACILITIES include 6,206-foot and 390-foot double chairs.

BEST RUNS feature powder and corn, open terrain. Distance from top varies 2 1/2 to 5 miles, depending which trail you pick.

SKI EQUIPMENT available for rent at Squaw Valley Sportsbars. Cost per day for boots, poles, skis: \$5.

AFTER SKI entertainment at Lodge, with heated outdoor pool, dancing, and organized games.

JOE MARILLAC



Marillac heads the ski school at Squaw Valley, teaches French parallel to groups for \$4 per day, \$13 for eight days. Private lessons cost \$5.50 per lesson, with \$2 add-on for each additional person.

STOWE, VERMONT

TRANSPORTATION by air to Burlington or Montpelier, then bus to area; or train to Waterbury, then bus 10 miles. Skis are six miles from Stowe. Best to have car.

BEST SEASON Feb. 15 to April 20, with snow from Dec. 15 to April 30.

PACKAGE DEALS do not exist at Stowe. No lodges at foot of major facilities, but plenty of housing in Stowe village and along route to mountain. Write Stowe-Manford Association, Stowe, Vt. for details on housing.

UPHILL FACILITIES include 6,206-foot double chair, 6,200-foot single chair.

BEST RUNS feature packed powder. Great variety of runs for all abilities.

SKI EQUIPMENT available for rent at ski shop on Mt. Mansfield. Cost per day for boots, poles, skis: \$4.

AFTER SKI entertainment gay and varied. Parties at all ski inns. Stowe Center has skating, dancing, bowling, smaller lodges have regular parties of their own.

SEPP RUSCHP



Ruschp, one of original Skischoolers in the U.S., heads ski school teaching Arlberg technique. Group rates \$3 per day, private \$8 per lesson. Two skiers can hire instructor at \$9 per lesson.

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO

TRANSPORTATION by train to Shoshone, then 56 miles by limousine to Sun Valley; or plane to Twin Falls, bus 60 miles to ski area. No need for car.

BEST SEASON Feb. 20 to March 28, with snow from Dec. 18 to April 16.

PACKAGE DEAL offers six days' room at chalet in village, meals at Challenger Inn, lift, lessons, \$92. Write Winston McCrea, Sun Valley, or contact Union Pacific agent for other housing.

UPHILL FACILITIES include eight chair lifts, totaling 24,800 feet.

BEST RUNS feature powder and corn on open slopes. Choice of runs, according to ability.

SKI EQUIPMENT available for rent at ski shop at foot of mountain. Cost per day for boots, poles, skis: \$3.

AFTER SKI entertainment at Sun Valley is best on continent. Parties, billiards, dancing, skating, high rides, bowling, heated swimming pools, movies, etc.



Ruschp heads school of 40 instructors, teaches modified Arlberg technique. \$5 per day for groups, \$13 for six-day group. Private lessons cost \$5.50 per hour, \$8 each additional person.

The one-day-a-week skier really makes sure he gets his money's worth from the lifts and tow. He swings the final turn of his run right into the waiting line of the lift, and grumbles bitterly when the growing crowds make him wait. He is likely to gauge the success of his day by the amount of running he was able to crowd into it. And if he has to pay the price of sore bones on Monday, he still clatters into line for that last precious ride before the lift closes. Indeed, the use of uphill transportation has become something of a mania in this country, and the old-line Scandinavians, who prided themselves on the physique and training that made it possible for them to race 30 miles cross country in four hours, find it a bit soft. Without lifts, however, the general standard of skiing in this country—now thought by many to be higher than the mass average in Europe—would never be what it is.

BONANZA FOR BUILDERS

This past summer has been a bonanza for the lift builders from coast to coast, with well over \$2 million going into new facilities. At Aspen a new double chair lift stretches from the head of Spar Gulch to the Sun Deck atop Ajax Mountain. At Alta a new double chair to Germania Pass will open up new runs on Rustler Mountain, and Squaw Valley's range will be extended by a Pomagaleuk—a type of lift that pulls the skier uphill by a belt attached by wire to the moving cable. A little farther south in the Sierras a double chair has been built at Edelweiss Lodge on Highway 99, and in Southern California there are new Pomagaleuks at Snow Valley and Green Valley Lake, and a third chair lift at Holiday Hill. In the Pacific Northwest new chair lifts have gone up at Mount Hood Bowl and at Stevens Pass, Snoqualmie and Mount Baker.

In the Middle West, a 1,435-foot T bar has been erected at Rib Mountain in Wisconsin. New England has also seen feverish preparations. Cornelius Starr, the insurance tycoon who angals skiing at Snow, Vt., has built a 6,400-foot chair lift on Spruce Mountain. Further south, Walter Schoenknecht, not content with his development at Mohawk Mountain in Connecticut, is constructing a meacoral chair at Mt. Snow, near Wilmington; and he plans to keep expanding until he has laid out over \$2 million and built 10 lifts.

In the Canadian Laurentians, a favored locale for eastern skiers, new T bars will be operating at Mont Gabriel

and Chantecler, not far from the French development at Mont Tremblant, with its two big lifts and luxury hotels.

The railroads, too, have been making plans for bigger and better ski trains to run regularly on Sundays when conditions are good. They roll out of Denver, where the Denver and Rio Grande Western hauls teen-agers at \$2.60 a head for the round trip to Winter Park; out of Chicago on the Chicago and North Western—which sponsored a ski club of its own among its 250 regular Sunday ski commuters to points in Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan; out of New York by the New Haven to the Pittsfield area and the New York Central to Snow Ridge; and the ancient and honored ski trains, among the first in the U.S., out of Boston to the Northeastern slopes.

As the number of skiers has risen, so, unfortunately, has the number of accidents. Most resorts employ paid patrolmen who police the mountains and care for the injured, but the greater share of this labor is carried on by a volunteer organization which is unique in the world of sport. The National

Ski Patrol System, headed by Ed Taylor of Denver, has hundreds of expert skiers all over the country who have qualified in advanced Red Cross courses. They spend most of their weekends giving emergency help on the trails and slowing down the slaloming, out-of-control schum-boomers who tend to raise the accident rate even on the safest slopes.

SUMMER CUM LAUDE

With more Americans on skis than ever before, the quality of competitive skiing in the U.S. (see box) has shown an exciting rise in the past few years. For the real thrills in competition these days one must look to the college meets, where the graduates of the intensive junior programs are suddenly emerging as twilight international racers.

At the last Olympic Winter Games at Oslo in 1952, for example, Dartmouth Undergraduate Bill Beck led the American men with a brilliant fifth in the downhill; and a girl of only 19, Andrea Mead Lawrence, made the finest showing any American skier has ever achieved in world competition, by winning two gold medals. Ten other college-age boys and girls were on our Olympic team at Oslo, and they were being pressed hard last winter by even younger stars like Buddy Werner and his sister, "Skeeter," of Steamboat Springs, Col.; Lewis Fellows and Jill Kinmont of California; Max Marble of Aspen; and Darmstadt's new flash, Tom Corrigan.

In most collegiate meets the emphasis is on balanced team performance in all four events: jumping, cross-country running, downhill racing and slalom. The skier who can win his speciality helps most, but he must also do respectably in the other events, since scoring is on an averaged percentage basis. He must know how to handle a 45-meter jumping hill (good spring at the take-off, smooth float in the air with his skis close together, a steady telemark-position landing) and be able to run a 12-kilometer course. In the Alpine combination he will come roaring down a curving mountain trail—perhaps a drop of 1,500 feet in a mile and a half—in two minutes, and then in the slalom will twist his way through 50-odd narrow gates devilishly arranged to test his turning skill.

Competition, though few skiers race, sets certain standards for skiing, just as horse racing has some bearing on all riding of horses. But it is basically the pleasure of skiing, the recreational aspect, which is paramount in America

CHEATERS



Most exciting skis to come out in past 20 years are radical Head Skis, called cheaters by pros because of their turning ease. Tops and bottoms are made of plastic-covered aluminum alloy (see diagram), core of vertically laminated fir, edges of spring steel. Components are bonded under 33,000 pounds pressure at 325°, giving strong, flexible ski that bites into snow on turns, does not twist and slips as badly as conventional wood. Bad news about Head Skis: they cost \$85. Good news: they're worth it.

today. It is the fun of doing something as well as you can, always striving for better style and more command of those wayward boards on your feet, and above all the feeling of being out of doors instead of stuck in a steam-heated room, that gives the sport its great attraction for so many people. And of all who revel in close contact with nature in winter it is surely the old mountaineer who gains the most.

He, or she, is the skier who loves to tour on skis in high places, to go up to the lonely vastness, far from the lifts and practice slopes. A March or April morning—for early spring is the best time for touring—will find such an enthusiast strapping sealskins to his skis so they will climb without backsliding and heading up, with three or four companions who also like their skiing wild, to a cabin that may lie four or five hours' climb away.

ON TOP OF THE WORLD

If they're in Aspen the old tourers may strike out for Stuart Macle's hut in Montezuma Basin, parking their grab and sleeping bags on their backs. They'll bunk down for the night in the hut, cooking dinner on an old prospector's stove, and be up by dawn next morning to tackle one of the big peaks in the range. This is the real thing. This is adventure. Here in the upper world they will see no human habitation. They must find their way from a map and beware of slopes that might avalanche. Their tracks, as they climb, will cross those of the snow rabbit; they may see white ptarmigan or, off in the crags, a mountain goat. At the end they will have to abandon their skis and edge their way up a couloir to reach the summit. But there, for their pains, they're on top of the world. They have beaten the city for fair, they are up with the clouds. But the wind is cold at 12,000 feet, so they can't linger. Back down to the skis and an even better reward for the hard climb: the run down the open snowfields to the hut—long, linked swings through fresh snow with no tracks to mar its pristine beauty. That, they will tell you, is what a ski was made for.

The lifting will dispute the tourman's claim—he'd rather have his hard, fast running on more difficult trails—but both will agree on one thing, and with a vehemence that brooks no argument: that the ski, be it made of hickory or metal and plastic, be it long or short, Christmas-tree or rock-scared and battered, is the best invention in the history of winter sport.

U.S. SKI CALENDAR 1955

- | | |
|----------------------|--|
| Dec. 26: | Intermountain Ski Association Downhill, Slalom and Combined; at Jackson, Wyo. |
| Jan. 16: | United States Eastern Amateur Ski Association Men's Giant Slalom; at Woodstock, Vt. |
| Jan. 22-23: | Victor Constant Memorial Downhill, Slalom and combined; at Stowe, Vt. |
| Jan. 29-30: | North American Jumping, Cross Country and Combined; at St. Paul, Minn. |
| Jan. 29-30: | Snow Cup; at Alta, Utah |
| Feb. 5-6: | National Jumping Championships; at Leavenworth, Wash. |
| Feb. 4: | Gibson Trophy Giant Slalom; at North Conway, N.H. |
| Feb. 12-13: | National Cross Country Championships; at Eugene, Ore. |
| Feb. 12-13: | Northern Rocky Mountain Ski Association Downhill and Slalom; at Ennis, Mont. |
| Feb. 13: | Pacific Northwestern Ski Association Giant Slalom; at Mt. Hood, Ore. |
| Feb. 19: | Central U.S. Ski Association Cross Country; at Ishpeming, Mich. |
| Feb. 19-20: | International Jumping, Cross Country and Combined; at Berlin, N.H. |
| Feb. 20: | U.S.E.A.S.A. Women's Giant Slalom; at Pico Peak, Vt. |
| Feb. 26-27: | C.U.S.S.A. Jumping Championships; at Iron Mountain, Mich. |
| Feb. 26-27: | U.S.E.A.S.A. Cross Country, Jumping and Combined; at Ramford, Me. |
| Feb. 26-27: | P.N.W.S.A. Downhill, Slalom and Combined; at Stevens Pass, Wash. |
| March 4-6: | National Junior Downhill, Slalom and Combined; Jumping, Cross Country and Combined; at Whiteside, Mont. |
| March 4-6: | Intercollegiate Downhill, Slalom and Combined; Jumping, Cross Country and Combined; at Northfield, Vt. and Waitsfield, Vt. |
| March 5-6: | Roche Cup; Southern Rocky Mountain Ski Association Downhill and Slalom; at Aspen, Colo. |
| March 12-13: | Men's National Downhill, Slalom and Combined; at Franconia, N.H. |
| March 12-13: | Women's National and U.S.E.A.S.A. Downhill, Slalom and Combined; at North Conway, N.H. and Pinkham Notch, N.H. |
| March 18-20: | American International Downhill, Slalom, Giant Slalom and Three-way Combined; at Stowe, Vt. |
| March 26-27: | Harriman Cup; at Sun Valley, Idaho |
| April 2-3: | National Veterans' Giant Slalom; at Santa Fe, N. Mex. |
| April 3: | Men's and Women's National Giant Slalom; at Stevens Pass, Wash. |
| April 8-10: | Andrea Mead Lawrence Trophy; Downhill, Slalom and Giant Slalom; at Arapahoe Basin, Colo. |
| April 16-17: | North American Downhill, Slalom and Combined; at Norden, Calif. |
| April 17: | Far West Ski Association Giant Slalom; at Squaw Valley, Calif. |
| April 24: | Silver Belt Downhill race; at Norden, Calif. |
| No Dates Set: | U.S.E.A.S.A. Men's Downhill and Slalom; F.W.S.A. Downhill and Slalom; Far West Kandahar. |



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TENNIS

HELP WANTED MALE

Departing for Australia, the U.S. Davis Cup team captain leaves an ad with SI which expresses some of his concerns about the present tennis situation in America



by **WILLIAM F. TALBERT**

DO YOU SEEK FAME AND FORTUNE?

Tremendous opportunity for bright young men between ages of 18-20. Must be willing to travel. Hard work, but great rewards. Athletic aptitude important—will help determine how far you can go on this internationally famous tourney. Intensive training given; followed by travel abroad; available to qualified young men. Millions paid! You will meet important and interesting people from every walk of life. Those contacts available.

Future bright for those who reach top. Fame and security can be yours at age 20.

Do you want this?

If so, give age, availability, background and experience.

Write today for complete info. "X" Reply T-255. **NEWS-ILLUSTRATED**

If you're puzzled about what the above ad applies to, the answer is quite simple. It's what the United States Lawn Tennis Association might be running if it were big business. They need young eager representatives and the more of them who have "X," the better.

"X" will be dealt with later, but for now let's examine the ad.

The ages of 18-20 were chosen because even then champions can be recognized. Perry T. Jones, President of the Southern California Tennis Association, whose fertile program more than any other has produced great U.S. champions, has often said he knew Vines, Kramer, Schroeder and Gonzales had what it takes at age 16. He has said to me: "It is obvious then whether or not they'll be champions."

An aptitude for sport is important. Good tennis players can usually throw and hit a baseball, catch and kick a

football, handle a basketball, run and swim, all with ease.

In this sport, like others, many qualities are required to be really great—the speed of a Jesse Owens, the eye and timing of a Ted Williams, the heart and endurance of a Rocky Marciano, the imagination and brain of an Eddie Arcaro—and everything Roger Barnister had when he broke the four-minute mile.

To get to the top requires hard work, and tennis is no exception. Hours on the court ironing out weaknesses are essential. Even then you might fail, but whether your lot is success or failure, the old adage "practice makes perfect" is as true in this game as in any other.

One incentive for the hard work is the chance to see the world without joining the Navy. Tennis is played in almost every country in the world, including Russia. Trips to South America, South Africa, Europe, India, Japan and Australia are available to champions. These countries want to see you—at their expense.

HEALTHY FOR BANK ACCOUNTS

Vines, Tilden, Budge and Kramer reaped the top with a healthy influence on their bank accounts. They established themselves as the leading amateurs in the world and happily succumbed to the pro lure. Some of their take-home pay checks reached \$100,000 for one year's work. Not bad!

Various others of the top ten "not interested in the pro game" used their contacts successfully in the business world. Frank Hunter heads "21" Brands, liquor dealers. Sidney Wood's laundry operation is a Manhattan standout. Frank Shields is a successful insurance broker. Ted Schroeder, in the refrigerator business, has pulled out as many deals as he used to pull out five-set matches.

If you've been wondering about "X," here's the explanation.

"X" not only marks the spot, but it's the difference between ordinary and extraordinary. It's that indefinable quality that great tennis players have in common. It's a combination of many things that made standouts of the "Kings"—Tilden, Vines, Budge, Kramer and others since World War I.

On recent results the tennis world needs a few up-and-coming youngsters equipped with the missing "X."

Last Saturday I took off for Australia. If, when I return early in January, the Davis Cup is not in our possession—the "HELP WANTED ADVERTISEMENT" will make an early 1955 appearance.



"Careful, Don't Waste a Drop"

By Jack Ferguson

A friend of mine claims he has a rising "system" but all I know about it is that he never plays anything but the long shots. One day, just before the start of the fifth race, he confided to me he had put his money on a bay filly paying 50 to 1. Well, I don't believe in Santa Claus—at least not to that extent—so I ordered an Old Smuggler and soda for him to soften what looked like a certain blow. Know what? That filly took the lead at the quarter pole and was gone away. 50 to 1. I had good reason to pound him on the back. Know what that lucky character, calm as could be, said? "Careful, Jack, don't waste a drop—this is Old Smuggler."

Careful, don't waste a drop...

that's **Old Smuggler**

SCOTCH
with a HISTORY

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Friends of Old Smuggler are cordially invited to send us interesting stories about Old Smuggler or tell how they discovered it. Your letter will entitle you to a handsome membership certificate in THE ANCIENT SCOTCH ORDER OF OLD SMUGGLERS, illustrated in full color by Avery Dean and enriched with your name. Size, 14 x 17 inches. Send your letter to W. A. Taylor & Company, 2 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Dept. SP-3.



BLENDED
SCOTCH
WHISKY
86
PROOF



IN GAME with Howe, Richard (6) takes pass from Lack (upper right) and fires for

goal as Gordie Rolfe shifts for shot and Defense Man Gadsby slides to smother it.

FIRE ON THE ICE

continued from page 26

delivered decisively and who, additionally, regards the veneration that has come his way as nothing less than a public trust that he must never let down. The immortal Morenz, though you would never have guessed it since he hid his emotions so well, also poured himself into hockey heart and soul. After a game in which he had played poorly and contributed to a Canadian defeat, Morenz would warn all his friends to stay away from him and pace the streets of Montreal, sometimes until 4 or 5 in the morning, until he had quieted himself down and felt fit to live with people again. When Richard or Les Canadiens lose or when he is in the throes of a prolonged scor-

ing slump, the Rocket does not pace the streets but will brood silently, sometimes for days at a time, limiting his conversations with his wife to "pass the butter" or "more water." Success affects Richard no less deeply. After his monumental play-off goal against the Bruins he broke down in tears in the dressing room. His father came in and they talked together for a while, and then Maurice was all right. Even today, when victory and frustration are old stories for him, he remains so highly charged that he has a great deal of trouble sleeping the night before a game when the team is on the road. "Maurice can relax," Elmer Lach has said, "but not during the hockey season. After the last game, Maurice is a different fellow."

Richard's teammates remember the tail end of the 1952-53 season as the

time of his most alarming mood. This was the year that Gordie Howe (playing a 70-game schedule) was on the verge of breaking Richard's record for goals in one season, the 50 he had scored in 1944-45 when the league was playing a 50-game schedule. With one game to go, Howe stood at 49. The remaining game was in Detroit against the Canadiens. "The night of that game, that was the only time I ever was afraid to put a hockey player on the ice," Coach Irvin said not long ago. "I remember watching Rocket's eyes as we were going across the city in the cab. 'I can't play him tonight,' I said to myself. 'He'll kill somebody.' I played him but I made sure he wasn't going to be on the ice any time Howe was. In spite of my precautions, one time they were for a few seconds, I think Rocket was coming out of the penalty box. He skated straight across the ice and charged right at Howe. Then he turned around and skated back to the penalty box. Rocket was proud of his record, but it was more than that. He would have felt humiliated if Howe had beaten or tied it playing against him or his team. Anyway, Howe didn't score. After the game Richard was in the dressing room breathing hard and little Gerry McNeil, our goalie, went over to him. 'Well, Rocket,' Gerry told him with a big smile, 'Howe will have to start all over again with number one.'"

STOPPING THE ROCKET

Because of his own scoring proclivities, Richard has for a dozen years been subjected to far more physical punishment than any other player since the National Hockey League was organized back in 1917. To beat Montreal, you must stop the Rocket, and to stop him opposing teams assign one man and sometimes two to do nothing but stay with Richard "right into the dressing room" if necessary. Some of the men assigned to Richard play him cleanly but, more often than not, opposing "defensive specialists" resort to holding him, grabbing his jersey, hooking him, and whenever they get any kind of a shot at him, belting him with their Sunday body check. One of the best ways to stop Richard, of course, is to get him off the ice. With this in mind, some of the rival teams have made it a practice to use a left wing against him with instructions to ignite deliberately the Rocket's red glare. Then, if Richard retaliates and the referee calls a double penalty, Montreal loses Richard and the other team a far less valuable man. Considering the abuse both

physical and verbal he has taken from lesser men, Richard, all in all, has done a very good job of keeping his trigger temper under control, in recent years particularly. However, if he always ranks near the top in goals, he also does in penalty time, and not all of his penalties, by any manner of means, are the result of self-protection. The Rocket probably holds the league record for misconduct penalties, 10-minute "rests" which are awarded for telling the referees off in overly pungent language. And the Rocket is always up among the leaders, for that matter, in major penalties, five-minute cool-off sessions for fighting. He has lost some fights, but only when he has been ganged up on. In man-to-man combat, he acquires himself extremely well. When Bill Junda of the Leafs challenged him one night, Maurice stripped off his gloves and flattened Junda with one blow. In 1945 he knocked down Bob (Killer) Dill of the Rangers twice on the ice, and when Dill decided to start things again in the penalty box Richard knocked him out.

The ambition of most Canadian boys is to be hockey players when they grow up, good enough to make the National Hockey League with their favorite team—Les Canadiens, if the boy is of French descent. Maurice Richard was never confused by any other ambition. He was born on August 4, 1921 in Bordenaux, a typical parish on the reaches of Montreal, the oldest child of Ondine and Alice Langevin Richard. After Maurice came Gergette, Rene, Rolande, Jacques, Margaret, Henri and Claude. Henri, now 18, plays for the Montreal Royals, the Canadiens' farm team in the Quebec Hockey League. Not too hefty, Henri has a great deal of his older brother's dash and scoring flair, and has been dubbed "The Pocket Rocket." Claude is just 17 and also has the makings, in Maurice's opinion, of a pretty fair hockey player.

With a family soon on his hands, Richard gave was forced to give up any ideas he had about making a career in baseball. An accomplished center fielder although he stood not much over five feet tall, he continued to play amateur baseball until he was 45, but he earned his living, as he still does, as a workman in the machine shops of the Canadian-Pacific Railroad. Maurice began to skate when he was about 4. In those days Canadian winters were much more severe than they are today. From October through April snow covered the outlying parishes like Bordenaux, and deliveries of milk and bread

were made by sleigh. When the snow in the streets had been packed down into a hard crust, the children would skate to school on top of it. After school was out at 4 o'clock, Richard remembers he would play hockey till 5:30 when it was time to go home for supper. "Many days I kept my skates on while I ate," he says. "Then I would go out and play some more hockey until 10 o'clock." When rink ice was hard to find, Maurice used to skate on the treacherous Rivière des Prairies, or the Back River as it was called, since it is the branch of the Ottawa River that flows to the north or the back of the island of Montreal. Skating on the Back River was forbidden by law, but young Richard discovered that the ice within 15 feet of the banks could be counted on to be reliable.

A STRONG, RUGGED FORWARD

After finishing the ninth grade of elementary school, Maurice spent two years in the École Technique in downtown Montreal studying the machinist's trade. He played for the school team and for about four others simultaneously, a strong, rugged forward but not a player for whom you would have been instantly able to predict a glowing future. (One of the teams which Richard played represented the Garage Paquette and had been

organized by a pal of his, Georges Norchet. The only significant upshot of this liaison was that Maurice met Georges' sister, Lucille, whom he later married. A sturdy, hockey-loving woman, Miss Richard attends every Montreal home game. So does Richard's father. His mother misses a few now and then, but not many.)

Late in 1940, Richard was given an opportunity to join the Verdun Maple Leafs, the bottom club in Les Canadiens' farm system. He played with the Senior Canadiens in the Quebec Senior Amateur League the following two seasons, but it was impossible to get much of a line on him for he was laid up with injuries the better part of both seasons, first with a fractured left ankle, then with a fractured left wrist. He was invited to the Canadiens' training camp in September the next year but only because the team had been floundering at the bottom of the League and was grasping for any straw. He was kept on the squad only because Dick Irvin had never in his life seen a youngster so imbued with the desire to make good. The unknown quantity started off well with Les Canadiens. He piled up five goals and six assists in the first 15 games. In the next game he fractured his right ankle in a collision with Jack Crawford. He was out for

continued on next page



IN PRACTICE with Maurice Jr., Le Petit Rocket, the oldest of his three boys, Le Rocket Sr. blocks a shot on the goal. An energetic father, Richard this year has also begun regular practice workouts on the ice with his second son, Norrand, aged 4.

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Boys and girls everywhere, now sled the year around... with or without snow! Nationally known FLEXIBLE FLYER sleds with airline safety runners, patented super steering, strong steel front, FLEXY RACER, the only coaster with balanced spring steering, 2-wheel broken operated without taking hands from steering bar. Write for free folder.



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FIRE ON ICE continued from page 71

almost the entire season again, returning only for the final game.

A recurrent mystery in sports is how a player who has never shown any signs of greatness will suddenly and inexplicably "arrive" as a full-fledged star. When Richard reported to the Canadiens training camp in Verdun prior to the 1943-44 campaign, everyone recognized that he was an altogether different and better hockey player. On the strength of his showing in those practice sessions, Coach Irvin, looking for someone to take Joe Benoit's place, gave Richard a crack at right wing on the first line with Elmer Lach, the superb center, and the veteran Toe Blake, "The Old Lamp Lighter," at left wing. Due to the searing punch the new line supplied, Les Canadiens, who had finished a floundering fourth the year before, won the League championship and went on to capture the team's first Stanley Cup play-off victory in a full 12 years. Richard eclipsed all play-off records by scoring 12 goals in nine games, and in one game against Toronto, went completely berserk and scored all five of the Canadiens' goals.

The Punch Line, as Blake, Lach, and Richard came to be called, played together through the 1946-47 season, a stretch in which they led the Canadiens to three more league championships and one other Stanley Cup victory. They were a marvelous line to watch. Fast skating, spirited, and quick to take advantage of all opportunities offered them, they mapped out no set plays, but each of them, knowing his linemate's style perfectly and sharing an instinctive understanding of how a play should be developed (and the necessary alternative moves depending on how the defense reacted), always seemed to know, without looking, where the others should be, and together they could set up good shots on goal like few lines in the history of hockey. Blake's retirement in 1947, after he had suffered a fractured leg, broke up the Punch Line. Lach and Richard, working with a variety of left-wingers, continued to team up until this season when Lach retired.

A LEFT-HANDED RIGHT WING

If there was anything unorthodox about the Punch Line it was that Richard, a left-handed shot, played right wing. "I know he'd played some right wing as an amateur," Dick Irvin has said in explaining this move, "and there have always been a few left-wingers who do well on right wing. It doesn't work the other way so often. Most hockey players, you see, skate counter-



HOWIE MORENZ, the immortal "Stratford Streak," was the first Canadian hero.

clockwise. Right wing was good for Rocket because it gave him a bit more leverage on his shot and a bit more of the net to shoot at. Besides, his back-hand shot was as powerful as his fore-hand." Another aspect of Richard's sudden maturity was, oddly enough, the fact that he had fractured his right ankle the year before joining the Punch Line. After he had fractured his left ankle two years earlier, he had been inclined to overuse his right leg. After his right ankle was fractured he could no longer do this, and he began to skate with a far better distribution of leg drive. A long strider with amazingly quick acceleration, he rocks from side to side when he skates, a style that would be awkward in anyone else and which, if anything, has added to his deceptiveness. As for Richard himself, he considers that the great break of his entire career was that he was able to come back after three fractures in three consecutive years.

"DON'T DEPEND ON ME"

The first time he saw Richard play, Conn Smythe, the head man of the Toronto Maple Leafs, offered Les Canadiens the (for hockey) fabulous sum of \$50,000 for him. In making this offer to the Hon. Donat Raymond, the owner of Les Canadiens, Smythe declared in a characteristic Smythian comment, that he was willing to go this high even though Richard was a "one-way man"—a player not remarkably conspicuous on defense. Raymond was not at all interested in selling his



RICHARD, the Babe Ruth of hockey, is about to hit Major Incompetence.

new star but suggested to Smythe that if they made Richard a two-way man, it would be only proper for him to double his figure. (Only a short time ago, Smythe was offering \$33,000 for Bernard Jack Adams, the Detroit boss, after seeing Richard set a new league-scoring record for a single game of five goals and three assists on the evening of December 25, 1941, declared him to be "the greatest hockey player I've seen in 20 years.") This right-point score admitted Richard more than anyone. Before anyone had had stretched out limply on a rubbing table in the dressing room, "I'm all tired out," he had yawned sweetly to teammates who had gathered around him.

"Deathmorn! I mean my 'jarnest' 'bout two black and can't get no truck. My brudder and me, we move everyting. Thought, don't sleep too much on me." After he had tallied his eighth point, to be sure, Richard's vitality perked up noticeably. Richard, by the way, spoke to English at the time he joined the Canadians. He resented the fact that opponents made his broken English a target for wisecracks and it is typical of the pride he takes in everything he does, no way to dress, the way he handles his hobbies, that today he speaks just about perfect English.

Richard's eight-point night was the high point of his second complete season, 1941-42, in which he set the league record of 50 goals. By that time he was the toast of the famous Millionaires Club, a group of exuberant Montreal

rooters who attended the games wearing bright wool sweaters and Les Canadiens jerseys. The Millionaires Club was disbanded after the war—it was a financial necessity for the management, since the members were paying only \$1.25 for \$1.50 for \$2.00 seats—but Richard has not lost his standing in the affection of their heirs and all Montreal fans as the team's premier hero. New stars have come up, egotists like Bill Durnan, the scottish warrior of the Vezina trophy for goalies, Ernie (Bunch) Bourhard (the four-time All-Star defenseman), Bruce Bessie Goodfellow, (the colorful, carefree youngster with the big shot who is married to Howie Morenz's daughter), Jean Beliveau (Le Gars Will—who made so much money as the star of Quebec's amateur team that it won a financial hardship for him to turn professional. There is room for them all in the Canadiens' fan's heart, but *Le Rocket*—he has always been something special and apart. He is their pillar, their target, their hero on a hundred different crises, but in a tight spot the Forum seems to rise up with one shout in particular, "Exagere, Maurice!" This is a Canadian slang form of the imperative of the verb *exagere*, to send or to expedite. "Exagere, Maurice?"—"Let's expedite this game, Maurice!"—"Exagere, Maurice!"—"Let's go, Maurice!"—"Exagere, Maurice!"

TEMPERAMENT AND INCIDENT-PRONE

Maurice has never let his fans down but there have been moments when he has worried them sick. Largely because of his temperamental temperament, he is what you might describe as incident-prone. A few years back, for instance, during a Red Wings Canadian game in Montreal which referee Hugh McLean was officiating, the Rocket swooped in from his wing to follow up a rebound and in the resulting scuffle before the Detroit goal, was sent sprawling to himself by the Detroit center who practically used a headlock. There was no whistle for a penalty. Rolling with indignation, Richard started up to McLean and demanded to know what the referee was going to do about it. McLean did something about it. He handed Richard a misconduct penalty for abusive language. Barred up by what he considered a vast miscarriage of justice, the Rocket tossed all right in his berth as the Canadians traveled by train to New York for a game with the Rangers. The next day, still seething, he was sitting in the lobby of the Puckville Hotel when he spotted McLean. He rushed over and grabbed the

continued on next page.

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On the left, Benjamin Electric Socks are shown in a box. On the right, a small diagram shows the sock's construction, including the heel patch and the electric heating element.

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official by his coat collar, but before he had time to continue his protest, Camil DesRoches and some teammates jumped on him and managed to pull him away. It was very fortunate they did. For his assault on McLean, Richard was fined \$500 by President Clarence Campbell of the N.H.L., the highest fine ever levied by the league, but he had been restrained in the nick of time. A real assault and Richard would have been suspended.

Last year this almost happened. In a game in New York, Ron Murphy of the Rangers swung at Geoffrion with his stick. He missed. Geoffrion, retaliating, caught Murphy on the head. The blow fractured Murphy's skull and he was out for the season. Geoffrion was suspended for all the remaining games against the Rangers that season. As Richard saw it, Geoffrion had been punished all out of proportion for a fight he had not started. Richard was then "writing" via a ghost, a column for the *Samedi Dimanche*, a French-language weekly. "If Mr. Campbell wants to throw me out of the League for daring to criticize him," Richard stated in his column, "let him do it. Geoffrion is no longer the same since his affair with Murphy... he is demoralized and humiliated for having dared to defend himself against a smelly and deliberate attack by a third-class player. We know that on numerous occasions, he [President Campbell] has rendered decisions against Canadian players.... Let Mr. Campbell not try to gain publicity for himself by taking a task a good boy like Boon Boon Geoffrion simply because he is a French-Canadian.... If this brings me reprisals, I will step out of hockey, and I know that any other players on the Canadian team will do the same."

Well, here is something—a direct challenge to the authority of the president of the league, Richard was clearly miles out of line. The affair could have been disastrous, not only for Richard but for organized hockey, had it not been handled with consummate intelligence by Frank Selke, the managing director of Les Canadiens who has been a part of hockey since 1966. At the heart of the crisis Les Canadiens returned to Montreal after a road trip. Selke was at the station to meet them. He escorted Richard, Geoffrion, Ken Modell and their wives and took them to dinner at The Windsor hotel. He never once mentioned what was on his mind and everyone's. The dinner ended, Richard and Selke found themselves seated alone togeth-

er in the hotel lobby for a moment.

"I'm surprised, Mr. Selke," Richard said, "I thought you were going to be very angry with me."

"Maurice," Selke said quietly, "I've never known you to do a rotten thing in your life before. You're accusing President Campbell of things that aren't true. That isn't like Maurice Richard. I don't believe you wrote that column."

"No, I didn't, but I authorized it," Richard replied. "I take full responsibility."

"I want you to act like a big leaguer," Selke went on. "President Campbell's office is just across the street. I know he works nights. I want you to come over with me and see him."

Richard sat silently for a moment. Then the two got up and walked on Campbell. Richard spoke up immediately. "Mr. Campbell, I want to apologize to you," he said, his deep voice almost an octave lower than usual. "I apologize not because anyone has told me to do so. I want to apologize because it is the decent thing to do. I have been wrong to say the things I said. It will not happen again."

During the weeks that followed Richard's apology, which ended the affair, many of the French papers accused him of selling out. He never batted an eye. "Maurice Richard never disappoints you," Mr. Selke said recently. "We have had a lot of dealings. When a mistake is pointed out to him and he sees it is a mistake, he has the character to recognize it and to make genuine rectification. He has great class as a person."

The Richards live in a modest, trim home in Cartierville, which adjoins Bordeaux. During the hockey

THE HOCKEY'S LIFETIME SCORING RECORD

YEAR	GOALS	POINTS	ASSISTS	TOTAL POINTS
1962-63	16	3	6	31
1963-64	16	32	22	54
1964-65	20	26	23	73
1965-66	20	22	21	63
1966-67	20	42	24	74
1967-68	22	28	23	73
1968-69	22	28	18	68
1969-70	20	13	22	65
1970-71	25	24	24	73
1971-72	18	22	17	57
1972-73	18	25	33	61
1973-74	18	37	30	67
Total	637	181	267	651

season Maurice spends the bulk of his free hours at home playing with his kids—Huguette, 11, a pretty girl who is a natural figure skater; Maurice Jr., 9, whom the family calls "Rocket" as matter-of-factly as if it were a pseudonym like Bud; Normand, 4; and André, an infant of 6 months. Richard is not just a devoted father, he's crazy about his kids. During the summer, at least once a week, Richard and his wife bundle the family into the car and head for the country for a day together in the open air. It is his truest pleasure.

FISHING, SOFTBALL AND GOLF

Richard puts in some time in the summer as a sales representative for the Petrofina Company, a Belgian concern, which operates gas stations in Canada, but a large part of every day goes to keeping himself in shape. It is his custom to take off on several three-day fishing trips when each hockey season is over. These parties are relaxing, but after that he plays his sports with an eye to preparing himself gradually for the coming hockey campaign. In June and July he plays some softball but primarily he golfs. A 10-handicap man, he responds so well to competition that for the last two seasons he and Elmer Lach have won the tournament for major league hockey players which takes place before the big Canadian golf tournament, the La Bort Open. Halfway through July he switches to tennis and handball. "I think they are very good sports for sharpening the eye and strengthening the legs," he told a friend not long ago. "When it is time to go to training camp, I find it not too hard to get into condition."

Richard has mellowed considerably

in recent years. In a relaxed mood he can be wonderful company, intelligent in conversation and very responsive to old friends. His shyness with strangers has lessened somewhat and he meets people far more gracefully. He has even displayed the edges of a dry sense of humor. Not long ago the exchange for Richard's telephone number was changed to Riverside. "Just dial R1," he said with a straight face to a rural photographer who had forgotten the exchange. "R1 . . . for Richard." An old friend astonished by couldn't believe his ears.

TOWARD THE MITH

Most of these relaxed moments, it goes without saying, take place from April to September. Then another hockey season is on, and while Richard today may be a shade less volcanic than formerly as he approaches toward his 40th goal, he still burns with a fierce sense of purpose. During a team slump or a personal scoring drought, he is still a good man to avoid. Silent and seething, he builds up intensity to such a pitch that, eventually, it must explode. Sometimes the Rocket explodes all over the place, in fights, in arguments with referees, in overly aggressive if fruitless hockey. Sooner or later, though, he will explode with a spurge of dramatic goals. On these evenings, it is an experience to be in Montreal, for it is then that the Forum rears like one huge happy lion, the most jubilant kufahallio you can hear in the sports world. It is not an extravagant tribute. After all, of all the great athletes of our time, none has played his game with more skill, more color, more competitive fire and more heart than Maurice Richard.



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RICHARD FAMILY poses at home in Carletonville. Seating from left to right, Huguette (11), wife Lucille holding André (6 months), Normand (4), Maurice Jr. (9).

LETTER TO BIGGIE

Last week Biggie Munn, athletic director of Michigan State College, blasted the one-platoon rules change in football for SF's readers. Now an old friend answers him

by HERMAN HICKMAN

Dear Reggie,

I read with interest and amusement your dissertation on the demise of the free substitution rule, erroneously referred to as the *enlightenment* system. I was particularly pleased that an old guard—who could never, by the farthest stretch of imagination, have been called a “watch chain guard”—wrote such an excellent eulogy to your lamented two-player game. It is referred, for all time, the saying that a guard is a fullback with his brains socked out.

I can't blame you for having fond memories of the glorious system of football because no club was more successful during this era. But let me ask you a personal question, Biggie. I happen to remember a 220-pound (pound weight!) guard from Minnesota who played not only an offensive and defense but did all the punting and sometimes carried the ball. He was a helluva all-around football player. His name was Biggie Muna. How would you have played him under your specialisation system?

Teens rolled up when I read your opening sentence: "The rule-makers have chased the good little man out of college football." And I was saddened by the thought that the 125-pound guards and tackles, who roared up the Michigan State roster both offensively and defensively, would be gone forever. Seriously, Biggie, the parade system gave the big, slow lineman a chance to play on defense while the smaller, more mobile men could run the offense. If any one type is hurt under the present rule it is the slow candidate: be he big or small, who can't go both ways, and that's just as it should be. As you know as well, size and speed are not synonymous. A big fast man will be better than a small fast man. Ask the pros.

INTEREST: HIGH. ATTENDANCE: 50.

There has never been more interest in football, and this goes for both the college tournament and the professionals. Attendance is up. The players, practically to a man, like to play both ways. The coaches, who voted 8 to 1 against the present rule two years ago, voted 3 to 1

for it last year and will be 80 percent in favor of it this coming year, except for a few minor changes. More men are participating in games this season than did two years ago. As I said early in the season, a kind of two-platoon system is in vogue. Coaches are playing separate units, substituting whole teams at a time, but the boys are enjoying the experience of playing both on offense and defense.

I don't as yet have any statistics regarding the injury ratio this season compared to the days of the free substitution rule, but I do know that the biggest cases of injuries a few years ago was having the players of one team "cooling their heels" on the bench while their counterparts were engaging in their particular specialties, and then being rushed back into the game on the exchange of the ball without a chance to loosen up.

YOUR MEMORY IS SAVED

You said that one-planet football was more difficult to follow for the fans. "With players being jockeyed in and out of the game . . . Boy, oh boy, your memory is short. How about players shuffling back and forth as every play to call the coach's signals from the bench? How about the punter for fourth down, the punt-returning specialist, the kick-off specialist? Actually, one coach had to be assigned each "special" task of the number of punts per game, one third. The range would run from nine to 19. I will never forget an incident when I was coaching at Yale in 1949. We were playing Los Angeles' Columbia team, when suddenly I saw backstops, our left halfback, broke through the Columbia line on



HERMAN HICKMAN

single-step oyster and ravel, untouched, 33 yards for a touchdown. After the game everyone was congratulating Jackson on his occasional run. Last, modestly presented and said all the credit should be given to Walt Clements, our left tackle, who had completely obliterated his Columbia counterpart in late Sunday morning (as called me by Nature). "Herman, you remember that long run of Jackson's, don't you?" I assumed him that I did. "Well," he continued, "I've just finished looking at the pictures of the game. No wonder there was such a large hole. My defensive right tackle forgot to go into the game."

THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT'S BOY

I have learned through the grapevine that you have just finished coaching another unbalanced team and that your son and the college president's boy were the regular guards on this seventh-grade outfit. I never did find out whether they were offensive or defensive specialists, but it could have created a problem, if the president's son wanted to play both ways. I'll let their coach handle it, yes and no.

Yours for "the big game."

2000

Discussion

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RECORD BREAKERS

• **Art Luppino** of Arizona scored three touchdowns in teams' 43-40 victory over Wyoming for modern major college records of 166 points (highest in 34 years) and 24 touchdowns. Old records: 135 points by Bobby Reynolds of Nebraska in 1950; 22 touchdowns by Reynolds and Wilfred White of Arizona State College at Tempe. Luppino also is nation's top rusher with 1,258 yards. • **Paul Larson**, University of California, back, set new national college mark of 54.1% for forward

passing completions (125 of 195 for 1,537 yards), bettering old record of 62.9% by Don Heinrich of Washington in 1950. • **Fordham's** two-mile world relay mark of 7:27.4, set last May in Los Angeles' Coliseum Relay, was approved by National Collegiate Athletic Association and Amateur Athletic Association. • **Deith** women swimmers claimed new world record of 5:02.1 for 400-meter medley relay, at Rotterdam surpassing 5:04.2, by French team last August.

FOOTBALL

Navy scored early touchdowns, went on to upset Army, 27-28, in free-scoring thriller, then accepted bid to play Mississippi in Sugar Bowl. Quarterback George Walsh directed Navy attack, passed for three touchdowns, scored other himself. Army led in second quarter, 20-14, trailed at half-time, 21-28, but Walsh's third-quarter pass to Ed Rife sealed game. **Michigan** insurance touchdowns.

Notre Dame rallied in last quarter to edge Rose Bowl-bound Southern California, 23-17, on Halfback Jim Mearns' 79-yard run, his second touchdown of game.

Mississippi made two pivotal touchdowns, stood up for 14-0 win over Mississippi State and invitation to Sugar Bowl. Touchdowns by Quarterback Houston Patton and Halfback Earl Hale also earned Southeastern Conference title for Rebels.

Georgia Tech's running attack was held in first shock by Georgia's razor line, but Wade Mitchell's 129-yard run to Henry Hale gave Tech 7-3 win over Bulldogs. Wisconsin play Arkansas in Cotton Bowl.

Duke overpowered North Carolina, 47-21, to win Atlantic Coast Conference crown and berth in Orange Bowl against Nebraska. Blue Devils started slow, struggled with five touchdowns in second half. Halfback Bob Pascal scored three times to post last-winning Duke attack.

Arkansas beat Houston, 13-0, and backed into first undisputed Southeastern Conference championship since 1938 when Rice upset Baylor, 20-14.

Oklahoma encountered unexpected resistance from Oklahoma A. & M., lost-touchdown underdog, but outscored Sooners won 18th straight, 14-0, on two second-period touchdowns by Quarterback Gene Cunniff.

Maryland blunted Missouri, 14-13, with awesome display of running. Hard-driving Terrapins credited eight of first nine tries to half back, rolled up 482 yards on ground.

Cornell relied on seven Pennsylvania, 20-6, to complete amazing comeback and tie Yale for Ivy League title. Dick Jackson's 69-yard scoring run sparked Cornell offense.

Ohio State, unbeaten in nine games and headed for Rose Bowl, was voted nation's No. 1 college team with 2,670 points in final Associated Press poll. Runner-up was undefeated U.C.L.A. (9-0). Rest of first 10: 3) Oklahoma (10-0), 4) Notre Dame (8-1), 5) Navy (7-2), 6) Mississippi (9-1), 7) Army (7-2), 8) Maryland (7-2-1), 9) Wisconsin (7-2), 10) Arkansas (8-2). Also among: Miami (Fla.), West Virginia, Auburn, Duke, Michigan, V.P.I., Southern California, Baylor, Rice, Penn State.

Cleveland Browns beat injury-riddled New York Giants, 16-7, to move nearer 5th straight Eastern division title in National Football League. Lou Green's three field goals, Otto Graham's passing speed, Brown attack while rock-ribbed defense held Giants, who lost Quarterback Charlie Connerly on injury early in game, to four yards rushing. **Philadelphia Eagles'** Adrian Burk pitched five touchdown games to beat Washington Redskins, 41-33, give Eagles tie for second.

Detroit Lions, Western division leaders, were hard pressed by Green Bay Packers but Bobby Layne's 100th and 101st touchdowns passed and Jack Christensen's 30-yard run with intercepted pass and 61-yard punt return were good for 28-24 victory. Last-place **Baltimore Colts** upset San Francisco 49ers, 17-15, on 75-yard Gary Karstorian-to-Hayne Wemble pass in closing minutes. Chicago Bears retained slim chance for tie, downing Los Angeles Rams, 24-13.

Edmonton Eskimos defeated favored Montreal Alouettes, 28-20, on Jackie Parkes' necessary yard lateral and 60-yard run with three minutes left, to win Canada's Grey Cup. Quarterback **Bernie Faloney** ran Eskimos flawlessly until Parkes' dash gave Edmonton one-point edge.

Sam Ebervery of Montreal Alouettes, former Deane University star, was voted Canadian Schenley Award as Canada's "Most Outstanding Football Player," received trophy, \$1,300, lifetime, diamond ring. Winnipeg's Gary James was named "Outstanding Native Canadian Player."

HORSE RACING

Alfred Gaymans Vanderbilt's Native Dancer was voted "Horse of the Year" in annual poll by *Horse and Veterinary* racing form. Season only by Dark Star in 1953 Kentucky Derby is 22 race. Native Dancer was retired to stud this year after coming up lame. Other winners: King Ranch's High Gas, best three-year-old; Belair

Stud's Nashua, best two-year-old; Whiskey Stable's High Voltage, top two-year-old filly; **Favorable Farm's** Paris, best three-year-old filly; W. M. Winkham's White Skies, best sprinter; **Hasty House Farm's** Stas, best horse on grass; **Lawrence E. Trolan's** King Commander, best steeplechaser.

BASEBALL

Baseball Clements, 29-year-old Montreal outfielder, was No. 1 choice by last-place Pittsburgh Pirates in baseball draft at New York. Pirates got Clements, bonus player who hit .257 last summer, for \$4,400.

Walter Alton, busy making furniture at his home in Durban, Ohio, was signed to manage Brooklyn Dodgers again in 1954. Dodgers finished second behind New York Giants in National League under Alton, who replaced letter-writing Charlie Dressen last year.

BOXING

Parasol Peters, 27, trounced Japan's Yoshio Shirai in outdoor 15-rounder to win world flyweight title, at Tokyo. Peters scored Shirai in 12th round, finished with whirlwind attack to become first Argentinian to win world boxing crown. Flashed with success, new champion shouted, "I was for Paris."

Boardwalk Billy Smith, No. 1 light heavyweight contender, took time off from his prison-guard duties to knock down Archie McBride of Texas three times and win by TKO in sixth round, at New York.

Jack Maxie, rugged former light heavyweight champion, won a fat and flabby 199½ pounds, outscored up-and-coming Paul Andrews of Buffalo to win 10-round decision, at Chicago.

Teddy (Reddy) Davis, 31-year-old Hartford featherweight, who has been beaten 47 times in 107-bout career, won 12-round decision over No. 1-ranked Perry Bacon of Philadelphia, at New York, to earn promised shot at Champion Sandy Saddler.

Joey Garbelli, who recently withdrew from Dec. 18 middleweight title fight with Champion Bobo Olson, was released in \$1,000 bail pending court action on charge of taking part in Halloween terror raid, at Philadelphia.

Tex Sullivan, London Sporting Club president and matchmaker, was fined \$1,000, ordered to repay \$2,500 he deducted from fighters' purses for TV "donations" to N.Y. Boxing Guild. Angelo Sauti, Sullivan's assistant, had his license revoked for "inefficiency and incompetence" and "acts detrimental to best interests of boxing" by New York State Athletic Commission following hearing in New York.

continued on next page

CONFERENCE CHAMPIONS

Ivy League—Cornell (8-2) and Yale (8-2)

Southeastern—Mississippi (10-0)

Atlantic Coast—Duke (10-0)

Southern—West Virginia (10-0)

Southeast—Arkansas (9-0)

Border—Texas Tech (8-0)

Big Ten—Ohio State (10-0)

Big Seven—Oklahoma (10-0)

Missouri Valley—Wisconsin (10-0)

Rocky Mountain—Montana State (8-0)

Big Six—Duke (10-0)

Pacific Coast—U.C.L.A. (10-0)

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO, ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

December 3 through 9

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3

Baseball

Manhattan Beach Tournament, Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Baseball

Milwaukee Hawks vs. Philadelphia Warriors, Chicago, 8 p.m. C.S.T.

Boxing

● Frankie Byll vs. Orlando Zabala, lightweights, ● Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Curling

Midwest Curling Assn. tournament, Duluth, Minn.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4

Baseball

(College)

Iowa vs. Loyola; Minnesota vs. De Paul, Chicago Stadium.

(Professional)

● Boston Celtics vs. Rochester Royals, Boston, 3 p.m. (ABC).

Milwaukee Hawks vs. Minneapolis Lakers, Madison, 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.

N.Y. Knickerbockers vs. Ft. Wayne Pistons, New York, 9 p.m.

Philadelphia Warriors vs. Syracuse Nationals, Philadelphia, 9:30 p.m.

Boxing

Stitch Deer, Detroit vs. Marbach-Fennell, Akron, O., for U.S. team match title, Detroit.

Boxing

● Peter Mueller vs. Fitch (Tiger) Jones, middleweights, Rochester, N.Y. (10 rds.), 9 p.m. (ABC).

Nate Brooks vs. Gino Moriconi, bantamweights, Havana (10 rds.).

Football

(College)

Houston vs. Detroit, Houston, Tex.

Maryland St. vs. Florida A&M, Miami.

● S.M.U. vs. Notre Dame, Dallas, Tex., 7:45 p.m.

● (ABC-TV) (NBC radio) Men to watch: S.M.U.'s Frank Galloway (QB) and Notre Dame's Ralph Gaudin (CB).

Tampa vs. Florida State, Tampa, Fla.

The Citadel vs. S. Carolina, Charleston, S.C. (Professional)

● Los Angeles Rams vs. Baltimore Colts, Los Angeles, 9 p.m. (De Mott).

Hockey

Boston Bruins vs. N.Y. Rangers, Boston.

Toronto Maple Leafs vs. Detroit Red Wings, Toronto.

Horse Racing

John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap, \$15,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds vs. Seneca, Md.

Oakland Handicap, \$15,000, 3/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Golden Gate Fields, Albany, Calif.

Sailing

Potomac Freestyle regatta, Washington, D.C.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5

Baseball

Ft. Wayne Pistons vs. Rochester Royals, Ft. Wayne, Ind., 8:30 p.m.

Minneapolis Lakers vs. Milwaukee Hawks, Minneapolis, 2 p.m.

Syracuse Nationals vs. Philadelphia Warriors, Syracuse, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

Football

(College)

Rutgers vs. Bowls, Delaware vs. Kent State, Evansville, Ind.

● Chicago Cardinals vs. Chicago Bears, Chicago, 2 p.m. (ABC—live broadcast).

● Detroit Lions vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Detroit, 2 p.m. (De Mott).

● N.Y. Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, New York, 2 p.m. (De Mott).

San Francisco 49ers vs. Green Bay Packers, San Francisco, 7 p.m. P.S.T.

● Washington Redskins vs. Cleveland Browns, Washington, 2 p.m. (De Mott).

Hockey

Boston Bruins vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Boston.

Detroit Red Wings vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Detroit.

N.Y. Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, New York.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 6

Auto Racing

Nashua Turfway 7-day Road Race, Nassau.

Boxing

● Chuck Versano vs. Iralo Scorsichini, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (De Mott).

● Bobby Bell vs. Carmelo Costa, featherweights, Eastern Prep., Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).

Field Tents

Nash. Sockeye Special Field Trial championships, Merritt, B.C.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7

Baseball

Boston Celtics vs. Rochester Royals, 7:30 p.m.; N.Y. Knickerbockers vs. Minneapolis Lakers, 9:30 p.m., Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.

Milwaukee Hawks vs. Ft. Wayne Pistons, Cleveland, 9 p.m.

Syracuse Nationals vs. Philadelphia Warriors, New Haven, Conn., 8:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8

Baseball

N.Y. Knickerbockers vs. Philadelphia Warriors, 7:30 p.m.; Boston Celtics vs. Minneapolis Lakers, 9:15 p.m., Boston.

Milwaukee Hawks vs. Ft. Wayne Pistons, Toledo, 8 p.m.

Rochester Royals vs. Syracuse Nationals, Rochester, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

Boxing

Ray Robinson vs. Joe Rindone, middleweights, Olympia Stadium, Detroit (10 rds.).

Hockey

N.Y. Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, New York.

Toronto Maple Leafs vs. Montreal Canadiens, Toronto.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9

Baseball

(College)

Sien Hall vs. W. Kentucky; Manhattan vs. St. Joseph's, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.

(Professional)

Philadelphia Warriors vs. New York Knickerbockers, 7:15 p.m., Philadelphia.

Syracuse Nationals vs. Boston Celtics, Syracuse, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

Boxing

Chasley Powell vs. Hans Freidrich, heavyweights, San Francisco Civic Auditorium (10 rds.).

Pappie Saul vs. Johnny O'Brien, bantamweights, W. Palm Beach, Fla. (10 rds.).

Golf

Miami Open, Miami Springs, S.C., Fla.

Hockey

Boston Bruins vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Boston.

Detroit Red Wings vs. N.Y. Rangers, Detroit.

Montreal Canadiens vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Montreal.

Tennis

USTA hard court championships, La Jolla, Calif.

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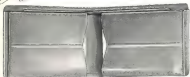
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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

A digest of last-minute reports from
fishermen and other unreliable sources

KEY TO SYMBOLS

FG=fishing good; FP=fishing fair;
FF=fishing poor; OG=not fish-
ing; OP=not fish good.

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

STRIPED BASS: GOOD; FG. OG at Cote
Bay; best bait is pollock.

CALIFORNIA: Tackle-baited by 11 reports; june-
worm, SP shrimps, at night San Francisco
Bay. Carp, whitefish and Salmon are off hot.
Brown codfish, best bait; high increasing get-
ting fast action on Carls, Lodi, Hay and
other upper sloughs and GRL.

TROUT: NEW MEXICO: Rio Grande Normal.
Clear; FG from Chama to Colorado line for
brown and rainbow on bait that few are after
possibly; OG through west work.

NEVADA: Flashed rainbow, taking fairly in
Pyramid Lake; average 10-pounder taken several
over 4 pounds reported. Colorado River and
Utah River producing 2 to 3-pounders.

BLACK BASS: MINNESOTA: Mesquon Lake, Clear;
FG, OG. Lower Green made still producing well,
with catch, variable.

SOUTH CAROLINA: Deepwater taking a few
bass in Potomac Lake; not generally FG.

TEXAS: T.V.A. bass are on looking spots;
best lake are Three-day and Douglas, but some
are slow and copper spoons.

FLORIDA: "Gopherd" C. Woods Black of Lake
Charles, west to GRL Bay on the Cal-
ifornia River had, work, some bass with some
bass weighing 15 pounds. "Three the others
bass," said Mr. Black.

FLORIDA: West a big bass? Go to Orange, Fla.,
and River-Southwest, and here bass is not to
one of sand ponds in Apalachicola National Forest.
Take a fly rod and a baitful of popping bugs.
Knee men River and Lake Kissimmee regulat-
ing bypasses to 4 pounds; try it north from
bridge on Highway West of Lake Wales. Lake
Semole north of Clearwater and most other
central Florida lakes producing well, and three
lakes feeding with plugs in Lake Oke-
chobee and work took four snappers
bass weighing 12 pounds.

STEELHEAD TROUT: NORTH CAROLINA:
Water runs are in most Vancouver Island
and lower mountain streams but said Black white
cherry's no fishing; Eaglehawk River, Quail-
creek, Quince, and Cypress rivers, are
debatable for 10.

OREGON: Northern River Lake and only big
falling, with new runs in and fishing fair, OG.
Sandy River normal and about, FG, OG.

CALIFORNIA: Red River passed last week with
184-pound rainbow taken by Dr. John Hall,
Sandy River, Sacramento near Los Angeles.

SALMON: ALASKA: 100-400 range, tagged
and released and Friday and Saturday at An-
chorage in U.S. and Division are big, bold heavy-
weight. Ward Lake news. George's Creek tagged
18 in two days. Dr. Einar's Creek took with
on 4-pound OG indefinitely.

WEEKFISH: MINNESOTA: Most day weather,
ink water and speckled trout are on active
lake Charles and Alvin and day and heavy
rain (fresh water); best angles knocking
three dead with active slough, muskies, chub,
plugs.

SOUTH CAROLINA: In 25 ponds, work-
ing in and from Kitty Hawk to Williams Lake.

FLORIDA: Three have moved into area from
Card Sound to Baitland in two upper keys,
and are partial to yellow perch.



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GORGEOUS GEORGES

GALLIC GALAHAD

A jaunty Frenchman helped glamorize the 20s with a pair of boxing gloves on his brittle hands and gallantry in his heart. But Georges Carpentier was too small to live the dream which idolizing millions created: he couldn't dethrone Jack Dempsey

by **PAUL O'NEIL**

THE WORLD has always been inadequately supplied with Galahads, but there are few areas of human endeavor in which the shortage is as acute as in the prize ring—purity of heart, even in its more synthetic manifestations, is seldom proof against a hard right to the belly. This does not mean that a good Galahad cannot be a gold mine, but simply that he must be fed up with great care. This month the most glorious sacrifice of them all was publishing his shining memoirs in Paris and in so doing reflected upon the fact that 50,000 people paid \$1,824,588 to watch Jack Dempsey reduce him to jelly at *Boyle's Thirty Acres* in 1921.

The glorious sacrifice, of course, was none other than Georges (The Orchid

Man) Carpentier of France—a child of fortune if one ever lived. He weighed but 167 pounds, had brittle hands, had been beaten by U.S. Middleweight Billy Papke in 1912 and was such a sad excuse as a heavyweight contender that Promoter Tex Rickard, rumor said, asked Dempsey to take it easy for three or four rounds to keep from turning history's first million-dollar gate into a million-dollar farce. But, for all that, it was Carpentier who struck the fight's most dramatic blow—a solid clout to Dempsey's jaws that sent thousands home convinced he really might have won.

His memoirs indicate that he almost—but not quite—thinks so himself. Carpentier, a coal miner's son, now runs a saloon near the Arc de Tri-

omphe, but 41 years ago back and a debonaire air paid him astounding dividends. When he beat England's Bombardeur Wells for the European heavyweight championship in 1913, Paris was not only astounded but delighted. Almost overnight Georges found himself rubbing shoulders with the Aga Khan, Nijinsky, Maurice Maeterlinck, Colette and assorted maharajas; he responded by duffing himself up in a black bowler, yellow gloves, patent leather shoes, an ivory-headed cane. He drove a huge Bollinger touring car and dined regularly at *Maxim's*.

THE WAR HERO

World War I intensified his reputation as a hero and patriot; he flew over the German lines as a noncommissioned observation pilot, was decorated with the *Médaille Militaire* by President Raymond Poincaré himself—and then, as the prudent French realized that they might lose their best prize-fighter by this sort of nonsense, was quickly made an army physical education instructor. By the time he crossed the Atlantic (with a manager, a masseur, a sparring partner, his wife Georgette, her maid and 15 trunks) after the war, and knocked out Battling Levinisky, the light-heavyweight champion, the U.S. was almost as bullish about him as France. This, even though one newspaper reported that he had the face of a "choirboy."

Carpentier had partisans even among those who could not quite believe in the build-up (which had been furthered by sending him on a tour of the U.S.



RECORD CROWD of 50,000 half-hysterical fans who came to see the advertised "Battle of the Century" watched Carpentier take fearful punishment from Dempsey.

in a private railroad car once used by President Woodrow Wilson). A fair number of Americans considered Dempsey a slacker for having worked in shipyards during the war, and wasted the "soldier of France" to win. To keep from disillusioning them, Carpentier trained for the fight in private at a Long Island estate, and Rickard's press agents announced that he was perfecting a "secret punch."

By the eve of the fight the U.S. had been worked into a truly astounding state of tension. France was nearly hysterical. French President Alexandre Millerand left orders to be called at any hour for news of the outcome, and airplanes prepared to drop colored flares over Paris to signal the winner. "There are not 50 Englishmen or 10 Americans who understand our pleasure in Pithé," wrote the eminently cultured François Mauriac, "but the eloquence of the fist is accessible to all men. . . . Victorious over Dempsey, Georges will be the torch of the modern world. . . . [He] revives in us the nostalgia of Athens." Georges, however, was nervous—he rolled and tossed all night long before the battle, well aware that Dempsey outweighed him by 50 pounds. As he walked through the enormous crowd to the ring, arrayed in a pearl-gray bathrobe, he was thinking: "I don't know where I am. I don't even know if I've come here to fight. I have forgotten everything. I

have the feeling that I'm walking on a cotton cloud in a nightmare."

As he sat on his stool before the battle, Carpentier stared nervously at an airplane overhead in search of "something concrete to attach me to the known world." But, at the bell, his worries cleared away—Dempsey, he instantly noted, was keeping away, chin hidden behind his left shoulder, his face "the very image of distrust." Though Dempsey hit him a couple of rabbit punches and demonstrated that his reflexes were fast as lightning, Georges weathered round one unharmed.

GEORGES' BEST PUNCH

In the second, Carpentier decided his only chance of getting past Dempsey's long arms lay in counterpunching. He dropped his guard. Dempsey charged and Carpentier hit him with a right, throws with all his might, and sent the champion reeling to the ropes. But the punch also broke Georges' right thumb. "Bravo!" shouted his manager, François Descamps, as he returned to his corner. "Right hand," breathed Carpentier heavily. "Thumb hurts." There was only one thing to say and Descamps muttered it: a classic exclamation expressing the ultimate in frustration and disgust.

From then on, calculated Carpentier, "there was only one thing for me to do—finish beautifully." That was easier said than done. In the fourth,

Dempsey accelerated with murder in his eye. Carpentier recalls: "He hit me everywhere. On the flanks, arms, shoulders, head. Any place was good for a punch. My legs weaken. I fall. I hurt all over but . . . I'm perfectly lucid." He rose at once, took a left to the face and a right punch to the heart, and that was the end. He was counted out. He recalls that he got up before Dempsey could help him: "I tried to keep face. . . . I didn't want to make an exhibition of my sadness."

That, for all intents and purposes, was the end of Georges Carpentier, lucky pug, though he did fight a few more times—losing to Battling Siki in Paris and Tommy Gibbons in Michigan City, Ind. But it was not the end of Kid Galahad at all. After Dempsey rained him, the New York Times sympathetically reported: "As a fighter he was beaten but as a boxer he remains superior." England's Prime Minister Lloyd George sent him a cable: "I admire you more than ever." To this day, Carpentier's customers regard him as a noble warrior indeed. Does this tale dramatize those rousing words of Georges Jacques Danton to the French legislature in 1792: "*De l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!*"? Or does it simply prove that the Yellow Kid Weil was right when he said: "You can't knock a good mark"? Well, anyway, Dempsey was one rough customer.

END OF NIGHTMARE came for Carpentier when the over-
size Dempsey walked away as Georges was counted out. Jack

had counted in early rounds to give the crowd, which brought
Trio Rickard his first million-dollar gate, a shock for its money.



quick, Paddy. She'll be back any minute."

Paddy shot the bolt.

Timothy's head and shoulders were framed in the window. "Blow out the lamp, Paddy."

After a pause, Paddy blew out the lamp.

"Hurry, Paddy! Lift your leg!"

No reply.

"Hurry, Paddy, I tell you! What's wrong with you, man?"

Paddy gave a deep growl. "I'm sorry now I didn't throttle you!" he said.

"Throttle me? Is that my bloody thanks?"

"It was never in my breed to respect an informer!"

"You breed?" Timothy shouted.

"You, with a cuckoo in your nest?"

"If my hands were on your throat—"

"Yehoo! You, with the nest robbed!"

"Go, while you're all of a piece. The drink has me lay. I'll give you while I'm countin' five. One, two..."

Timothy was gone.

Paddy sat on the sugar chair at the left of the hearth. He began to grope for the tongs. Eventually he found them. He drew the red coals of turf out of the ashes and set them together in a kind of pyramid. The flames came up.

The door of the front bedroom creaked open. Maag was there, dressed in a long white nightdress.

"Were you scoldin' him?" she asked.

"Ay," Paddy answered.

"He wants scoldin' badly. He's always appin' on my Morn."

After a pause, the girl came to the center of the kitchen. "Honest," she asked, "are you my uncle?"

"In a class of a way."

"What class of a way?" she said. She took a step closer.

"Are you cold, girlie?" Paddy asked.

"I am an' I am not. What class of a way are you my uncle?"

There was no reply.

"Mebbe you're my old fellah back from England?" she said suddenly.

"Mebbe."

The girl's voice was shaken with delight. "I knew you'd be back! They all said so, but I said yes—that you'd be back for sure." She paused, and took a step nearer. "What did you bring me?"

He put his hand into his pocket. His fingers encountered a pipe, a half-quarter of tobacco, a six-inch nail, a clothed handkerchief and the crumpled letter from Timothy.

"I left it after me in the carriage," he said limply.

Her recovery from disappointment was swift. "Can't you get it in town a

Saturday?" she said, drawing still closer.

"That's right," he agreed. There was a short pause. Then he said, "Come hether to the fire."

She came and stood between his knees. The several hoops of her curls were between him and the firelight. She smelled of soap. His fingers touched her arms. The mother was in her surely. He knew it by the manner in which her flesh was sure and unafraid.

They remained there without speaking until the light step on the road sent her prickling alive. "Morn'll kill me for bein' out of bed," she said. Paddy's body stiffened. As the girl struggled to be free, he held her fast. Of a sudden she went limp, and



laughed. "I forgot," she whispered; "she'll not touch me on account of you comin' home." She ripped with secret laughter. "Wasn't I the foolen to forget?"

The key was in the padlock. The door moved open. The woman came in, her shawl down from her shoulders. "Maag?" she breathed. The girl and the man were between her and the firelight.

Without speaking, the woman stood directly inside the door. The child said nothing but looked from one to the other. The woman waited for a while. Slowly she took off her shawl, then closed the door behind her. She walked carefully across the kitchen. A match scraped on a matchbox. She lighted the warm lamp. As the light came up, Paddy was looking steadfastly into the fire.

"You're back, Paddy?" she said quietly.

"Ay."

"Had you a good crowd?"

"Middin'."

"Has the fightin' gone well?"

"Well enough."

"You hangry?"

"I'll see—soon."

There was a long silence. Her fingers restless, the woman stood in the middle of the kitchen.

She raised her voice: "If you're anything to do or say to me, Paddy Kinsella, you'd best get it over. I'm not a see for waitin'!"

He said nothing. He held his gaze on the fire.

"You hear me, Paddy? I'll not live cat-and-dog with you. I know what I am. Small good your brandin' me when the countryside has me well bandied before you."

He held his silence.

"Sayin' nathin' won't get you far. I soiled my bib, Paddy. Be a man an' say it to my face!"

Paddy turned. "You soiled your bib," he said clearly. He turned to the fire and added, in a mutter, "I was no angel myself."

Her trembling lips were unbelieving. "We're quits, so?" she ventured at last.

"Quits," Paddy said.

"You'll not keep firin' it in my face?"

"I'll not."

"Before God?"

"Before God!"

The woman crossed herself and knelt on the floor. "In the presence of my God," she said, "because you were fair to me, Paddy Kinsella, I'll be better than three wives to you. I broke my marriage-mornin' promise, but I'll make up for it. There's my word, given before my Maker."

Maag kept watching with gravity. The mother crossed herself and rose.

Paddy was deeply rummaging in his coat pocket. At last his fingers found what he was seeking. "I knew I had it somewhere," he said. He held out a crumpled toffee-sweet to the girl. "I got it from a kid on the boat."

Maag's face broke in pleasure.

"'Twill do till Saturday," she said.

Paddy stripped the toffee. The child's mouth came down upon the sweet as Paddy held it up in its sticky paper. The sweet in her cheek, the girl broke away and ran across the kitchen. She flung open the door of the boys' bedroom.

"Get up outa that!" she cried out. "The old fellah is home!"

GLAMOUR DUCK

Sinc:

I am a duck hunter and greatly admire your cover on the Nov. 15 issue. Would it be possible to buy a copy of the print suitable for framing. Usually it is the mallard or pintail that is glamorized, that is why I enjoy seeing a picture of the lovely spoonbill.

San Francisco

CICIL V. BARNES

POON EXCUSE

Sinc:

I must agree with you that your cover duck is pretty, or let us say it's decorative, but to guys who chase these things, that spoony is right at the bottom of the heap.

As you know, these spoonbills do look, in their coloration, very much like a mallard, and they frequently get mixed up in flocks of mallards. When you occasionally take a flock shot and knock one out, very often down comes a spoonbill. The feeling is obviously that you don't really have to hit these guys to kill them, for the breeze from the passing pellets is enough. In other words they are a poor excuse for a duck.

So far as eating qualities are concerned, they definitely rank at the bottom. They dig into a lot of mud and straining it through that unsightly bill they therefore taste very muddy. It would have been my idea for an esteemed publication such as you are publishing, if you wanted a pretty duck, to have thought of a wood duck or one of those comparatively rare and hard-to-get-after wonderful ducks known as the black mallard. . . .

New York

E. A. GASHIN

● SI chose the spoonbill, which is neither easier nor harder to bring down than any other duck in flight, mainly for its beauty, but also because it is found in all four flyways. Like other road birds the spoony's flavor is gummy and some cause must be taken in its preparation.—ED.

DUCKS LIMITED

Sinc:

Your first issue of SI made me an avid fan of your magazine and I have since become a subscriber. I think your over-all coverage of sports in all phases has been amazingly well done. . . .

In the issue of SI, Nov. 1, *The Ducks Are Flying* book paintings by Arden Merriam were exceptional. My wife and I have been searching for months for prints such as these that would be suitable for framing. Would you please advise us if these are available and if so how they may be obtained.

Portland, Ore.

E. F. ROSS

● SI anticipated duck fanciers' reactions, is glad to tell Mr. and Mrs. Ross and the 1,440 other readers who have written so far that they can get a spe-

cially prepared set by mailing 25¢ (for handling and mailing) to Dept. D (for Ducks), SI, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20.—ED.

SI REPORTED . . .

Sinc:

With a hunter's customary optimism, my shooting companions and I discounted the recent SI article about adverse duck hunting and conditions in the Stratford Member on the Housatonic.

Last Wednesday we drove to Stratford and rigged our decoys in one of the marsh patches that had provided good blind-duck shooting every opening day for the last few seasons. Shooting was mediocre and there were definitely fewer birds in the air this year.

Tides and winds have removed the evidence of the old slick that SI reported being the result of curlew—large pumping operations up at New Haven. However, the duck population has unquestionably suffered.

This firsthand opportunity to verify the accuracy and appreciate the timeliness of SI's reporting has immeasurably increased my regard for your fine new publication.

LAWRENCE H. WESLEY

New York

THOSE MONKOS

Sinc:

The back of my hand to the monko aimed who wrote "the back of a man's head looks like a woodchuck at a distance" (*Woodcock-Slaying*, Nov. 8). Any fool who focuses this poorly meant bare bird shot for brains and shouldn't be allowed to roam the woods with anything in hand more dangerous than a pocketbook.

Anyway, all this does is strengthen my opinion (your *Woodcock-Slaying* notwithstanding) that any man who would shoot an animal for "kicks" is an idiot to begin with and deserves to take his chance on being killed dead by a fellow waterhead who didn't know his omelette wasn't loaded.

You talk a good bit about the pretty, colored clothes a nation's hunter should wear for safety's sake. Has it ever occurred to you that a good number of these trigger-happy delinquents are probably either killed or all get out and couldn't tell red from green in or out of the woods?

If you take all this to mean I don't like your magazine you're out of your mind. It's good and alive (which is more than a good percentage of red-necked hunters can say at the end of the season). I like what you do with football each week and the photographing pictures were great. The halloo article by Mr. Phishy was unexpensive and gratifying.

I like the sketches you ran in *ROCKY MOUNTAIN*. They are sharp and usually have a reverse English you weren't looking for. If *Ajay* is a real name and if he looks anything like the people in the drawings he must be a real punk. Whoever or whatever he is, he's good at it.

All in all, you've scored pretty consistently at this end with your publication. If

the past few issues are an indication of what is to come you have me scored up as a reader. But I reserve the right to blow off about backs of heads and woodchucks and grown men who sneak up in the forest to slaughter a convey of quail.

LOUIS E. DE LA HABA

El Paso, Texas

● Says our Ajay:



—Sinc.

MR. & MRS. BOXING FAN

Sinc:

As a boxing manager, let me take this opportunity to commend you on the excellent job you're doing with regard to expunging the evils of the fight game. . . .

Again let me say what a fine thing you are doing in presenting to Mr. & Mrs. Boxing Fan (although mostly TV fans, which is indeed unfortunate—the rottenness that exists in the murky art of self-defense today, a condition which has been prevalent for so long in boxing).

You cannot be congratulated enough!

DAVID G. COMARON

Lexington, Ky.

WE WESTERNERS

Sinc:

Shame on you for calling Wab Drope's deer a 240-pound, 16-point buck. We Westerners count the points on one side only, and not the dew points either. Drope's little buck could be no more than a five-pointer by true deer hunter's standards. . . .

A. K. GRIFFITH

Phoenix, Ariz.

● There are "true" standards: Western hunters count the points on one side only, Easterners count both sides, pointing out that some bucks carry asymmetrical antlers. Drope's swamp buck weighed 345 pounds, qualified Detroit's first baseman for the "Biggest Bucks in Maine" Club.—ED.

THOSE BARNIES . . .

Sinc:

. . . Being an old boxer, vintage of 1912, I want to go on record that the way boxing is being handled by the promoters and the boxing commissions it doesn't have long to go. . . . Boxing is my favorite sport but if some of the barnies I saw in the last ten years were pulled in our days we would have landed in Sing Sing. I don't go to fights any more. Norris has lots of dough so he doesn't care if we go to his Garden or not. He says he does it for sport and fun. Still he has all fight arenas and fight managers tied up.

continued on next page

Will the new governor take care of all the bawling racket with new commissioners and officials who won't sit on their hands and look out of the window? ...

JOE MARDEN

New York

THERE IS A REASON

Sir:

Could you please tell me if Y.A. Tittle is wearing a Milwaukee Braves cap (page 84 of Nov. 22 issue) in that picture? If so, why? When the Braves played the Packers in Milwaukee I noticed that some of the other players were wearing Braves caps too. Is there a reason? I'm just curious.

NANA PROCTOR

Madison, Wis.

● Tittle, self-conscious of his balding head, wore a Menlo College cap when SE's picture was taken. Menlo Park, Calif., is the training site for the team. —ED.

DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

Sir:

Enclosed is a photograph I made at the Syracuse-Colgate football game last Saturday. ...

Two men, West and Alexander, were dedicated to the Football Hall of Fame.

Incidentally I get SE every week, the druggist saves me a copy, and have enjoyed its clear-cut reading of sports events. I believe it is improving with each issue.

VERONICA SCHWARTZ

Syracuse, N.Y.



ALEXANDER FLANNED BY TUBBS

● David Bellard West, Colgate '21 and presently a trustee, was an All-America tackle 1916 and '19, All-Servic '17, and one of George Trevor's All-Time All-Americans between 1919 and 1929. He is the owner of an industrial and marine equipment concern. Dr. Joseph Alexander, the second physician to be dedicated to the Hall of Fame this month (see 19TH HOLE, Nov. 29), a Syracuse Great, was also named (as guard) to Trevor's All-Time team, despite the fact that his medical studies prevented him from practicing with the team. During his internship Alexander played for the Rochester Jeffersons, a wandering pro outfit. In 1925, he became player-assistant coach of the New York Giants and a year later player head coach. In 1927 he played his last five games: the regular center was taking his bar examinations. —ED.

SMILE THAT MINE

Sir:

Regarding your 8th of the Week in Nov. 18 SOUNDTRACK section,

Give Central State College six more points!

Rule 4, Section 1, Article I of the 1964 Official Rules states that "A dead ball becomes a live ball when it is snugged or free kicked, legally or illegally."

Also paragraph 36 of the Question and Answer of the 1964 Football Rules, edited by K. C. Krieger, has this to say about such a play: "The ball is in play whether put in play legally or illegally, and Team B (its this case Central State College) may accept or decline the penalty when the ball becomes dead."

Central State would have declined the penalty and taken the play, the touch-down, and six big points. Of course, the point after the touchdown cannot be assured.

Being an official I can understand how a brother official could slip up on a rule and its interpretation. Sometimes I think we are overburdened with them and one needs to be a lawyer to have all the answers.

A. M. ULRICH

Warren, Ohio

● Like we always say, to err is human. —ED.

OUR LITERATE AUTHORS

Sir:

Could SE, in its brash, youthful ignorance, possibly be drawing an unfavorable comparison between Buddy Parker, who has won two divisional championships in three attempts (with a chance to make it three in four) and the greatest perfectionist in football history, Paul Brown, who has won eight in eight (with a chance to make it nine in nine)?

This borders on sacrilege and I'll wager writer Tommy Devine prefers Spillane to Dickens. ...

ROSS H. BRINCKER

Chicago

● Tommy Devine, an old and close friend of Coach Brown, enjoys Dickens, but really prefers Shakespeare, has never read Spillane—ED.

BOY'S TROUBLES

Sir:

Normally I would hesitate to disagree with Tommy Devine, for whom I have both a close personal friendship and a normally high regard for accuracy. But in Tommy's *Paper Kicks It Simple* he errs both factually and by omission.

He is correct on the surface when he says the Lions were a chronic second-division club when Parker took over, but neglects to mention that it was a hapless entry when Bo McMillin took over in 1948. He promised the directors a championship in five years and showed steady progress toward that end. The 1950 club showed great advancement and missed a higher finish through a succession of narrow losses. But the groundwork had been laid and it was almost the same club—certainly the key personnel was the same—which won the championship in 1952—right on Bo's original schedule.

I do not intend to low-rate Buddy Parker,

who has shown he's one of the better coaching hands, but it was McMillin who put together such key men as Les Ringman, Lou Creekmar, Thorman McGraw, Leon Hart, Clyde Bea, Deak Walker, Bob Smith, Bob Harshbarger and Bob Layne—and where would the Lions be without them?

Bo's trouble at Detroit stemmed mainly from his dual position of head coach and general manager. Harner has it that the internal strife got a helping hand from inside.

I hope this sets the record straight. I want to see full credit given to one of the greatest coaches and greatest personalities football has known.

TOM MILLER

Indiana University

Bloomington, Ind.

● All due credit to the great Bo McMillin for the success of the Detroit club.—ED.

NOTABLE TRANSIENS

Sir:

About this time every year the writer becomes transiently notable as one who witnessed the first great intersectional football game Stanford versus Michigan, New Year's Day, 1902. Of course, if my circle of friends forget it, I do not fail to remind them! Perhaps we should form a survivor's club!

It happened that the summer before I had met the great Humpy-Up Yost whose brother was working in the oil fields at Aram, West Virginia. He proudly paraded Coach Yost all over the place and even introduced us kids.

When it was officially announced that Michigan would actually journey west to play Stanford at the Exposition grounds in Pasadena, I think I must have had some vague idea that Yost would remember me and probably invite me to sit with him on the bench!

With another kid we bicycled our way through the dust and across the then-famous bicycle bridge to the game. Suffice to say, Yost was too busy to notice me!

There were probably 6,000 spectators and the youngsters followed the teams up and down the field. The officials could not keep them off the playing field at times.

Five yards to gain in three downs; then, and for 15 minutes Stanford was able to make quite a game of it, but Michigan's heavy line and the flying wedge plays soon made the Stanford team a charabanc and forewent the final score of 49 to 6. ...

J. W. SARGENT

Santa Monica, Calif.



YOST AND THE TEAM

● The game that held midget Siegfried spellbound was the first (1902) Rose

Bowl, which climaxed an unseasoned-on season for the Wolverines. Yost's "Point-a-Minute" squads collected 2,821 points to their opponents 42 during the great years 1901-05. Fielding Harris (Hurry-Up) Yost coached Michigan for 25 seasons (eight conference championships) while extolling the "pure, good life" to his boys. His authority was absolute. When, with characteristic pre-game enthusiasm he once ordered his team to go "out of that door and win" it piled their bodies and fell into the swarming pool. Yost was equally intense about his highly successful business ventures, mostly in land development and electric power. When his lawyers were reportedly rebuffed in a Government-contested lawsuit over water rights, Yost took up the law, passed his bar examination and won his case in the state supreme court.

In 1941 79-year-old Yost retired. 37 former Michigan captains, including Tammy Harrison and Yost's own great Willie Henton attended his farewell dinner. He died 5 years later. Coach Yost and six of Michigan's all-time Greats have made football's Hall of Fame.—ED.

ARGUMENTS

Sir:

With pre football having such a field day, the thought just occurred to me that possibly a great many SI readers would like to know just where the program started. A few years ago arguments were flying thick and fast as to where the first game was played and I believe the consensus pinpointed Latrobe, Pa., others said Conneville, Pa., while many other places were also named. I doubt if it was ever settled to the satisfaction of everyone. Maybe SI could settle it once and for all. But wherever it got its start, the name of Michigan's Hurry-Up Yost and many other great name players were there, according to these arguments.

SI is good reading every week—and getting better.

WILLIAM T. FRIDRICH

Detroit

● The first professional football game was played in Latrobe, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. On Aug. 31, 1895, the Latrobe team (who operated on a profit-sharing system) found itself without a quarterback with a game against Jewett coming up. For \$10 and expenses it obtained the services of John Brallier who thus became the first professional player (he later became the town dentist). Another early pro was the great Hurry-Up Yost (see "Notable Transients") who later denounced the whole business.—ED.

NEW MEMBERS

Sir:

In appreciation of the magnificent job of boosting in the Nov. 15 issue of SI, we are enclosing honorary membership (no cost) cards for you and SI Photographer

Cooke with the highest compliments of the Michigan Chapter of the SLIPPERY ROCK BOOSTERS.

You did an excellent job in capturing the spirit and traditions of the Rock. The spirit and traditions prompted us to form our chapter in the wild Midwest.

The membership holds meetings which are called from time to time and if you should ever be in the area and would like to attend such a meeting, we could arrange to call on the drop of a line.

Again our sincere thanks for further spreading the gospel of the Rock and its athletic tradition.

DALE A. RIKER
PRES., et al.

Flint, Mich.



NOW IT'S OFFICIAL

● None of the members of this sporting organization attended Slippery Rock. The club came into existence three years ago when Riker and two friends, deciding that football was too much of a good thing in Michigan, adopted Slippery Rock as a symbol of football for fun. The members have a deep admiration and affection for the college, attend homecoming games and donate an annual award to the outstanding senior. New Honorary Member Bob Cressmer will take his duties seriously: he returned from Slippery Rock a confirmed and inspired Booster.—ED.

THE PASSWORD IS S.R.

Sir:

I am very curious to know the reason why Slippery Rock has become "a password to heaven in college football."

In Ann Arbor the football fans walk anxiously for the Slippery Rock score—then cheer lustily if S.R. is doing okay.

But how did this get started?

BONNIE MORAN

Ann Arbor, Mich.

● An authority on Slippery Rock conjectures as follows: "The name Slippery Rock is no funnier per se than, say Duke, but to sophisticated fans there is something incongruous to seeing the Slippery Rock-Clarion State score listed with Notre Dame-USC or Georgia-Alabama. Personally I don't think it's funny."—ED.

PLAY BALL FOR FUN

Sir:

After reading your article on Slippery Rock State Teachers College, I write to you for information concerning this school.

If you have time, I would like to have all the information concerning tuition, fees, books, etc. and an account of the football team and, if any, the rules one should know before trying to compete for the team. As you might know, the rules here in Alabama are dominated by the SEC standard.

I have a great desire to study at a place, as you have described Slippery Rock. I feel that some of the players at Slippery Rock play ball for fun. Here it is no longer a sport!...

JOE HURDIANE
St. Bernard's College
St. Bernard, Alabama

● SI suggests a letter to the Registrar, Pennsylvania State Teachers College, Slippery Rock, Pa.—ED.

ONAT, MOM

Sir:

Here is a humble tribute to the wonderful article about the marvelous wisdom of the green felt, though I fear it does nothing to cure the prevalent misconception that playing billiards or pool is symbolic of a mispent youth.

DELLARDIEN'S DUTYROOM

"Will, come out, come out of the schoolroom, 'Will, go back, go back to the poolroom. 'Your game is getting mighty sloppy.' 'Okay, mom,' said Willie Happe.

JOHN ALLEN

New York

MADDIN vs. THE PRESS

Sir:

May I point out a glaring error in the make-up of your excellent magazine?

Old pros such as Percy Berg, Herman Hickman, Bill Talbert and many others write eloquently and accurately of their various specialties.

Yet for your "Bying department"—a wonderful world of its own—you pick a tyro, Bill Maddin, who writes eloquently, period.

Your other contributors speak from experience. Maddin laughs at it.

Your entire magazine pays tribute to ability, skill and arduous practice. Maddin says: "Why bother?"

Maddin's tragically predictable delusion is your Nov. 3 issue is neither original or new; every man who has ever downed him knows that he has been tricked; and most seriously get through this period by hark before he becomes much of an insurance risk.

But much more important than Maddin's many errors, why not wear an old pro for your flying contributor also?

Sometime, and there are many, who know and revere a fine art for exactly that. Someone who loves flying and has a deep respect for the skill required to do it well.

To many of us who fly almost daily it is much more than a job; it's a profession of which we are intensely proud. It is also a sport, requiring in its finest applications, all the coordination, judgment and self-control at man's command. It can be properly done, tremendously rewarding; and yet I have never known a truly fine pilot who did not know full well that actual danger, and death, can be the penalty for a bad relay. No referee—no 15 yards—just serious injury, and death.

continued on next page

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Discouraging or frightening? Not! Show me another sport more demanding, or more rewarding.

And please, SI, show me someone who can write, not from scorn, but respect.
D. Q. TASCAR
Captain, Eastern Air Lines
Charlotte, N.C.

• Having read Capt. Tascak's letter our Bill Mauldin sat down behind his eloquent typewriter and wrote:
Dear Captain Tascak:

I didn't mean to get you in an uproar. I recognize your brand of flying as a delicate art, far beyond the realm of a mere weekend hobby, and I regard airline or military pilots with all the respect of a one-finger piano player in the presence of Paderewski. But at no point did I say, "Don't bother with practice," or "Laugh at experience," or say I "had it licked." As far as my future being "tragically predictable" is concerned, I'm well aware that an amateur who gives his airplane a careful line check, respects VFR weather minimums, doesn't try to pick up a stalled wing with his ailerons and keeps his neck on a swivel, is still running only as much risk of piling up unexpectedly as he would driving carefully down a highway. What I was really trying to say was that a lot of old hands in the business still seem determined to keep all aviation a closed corporation, for certified supermen only, and resent brash tyros even learning to fly, let alone talking about it. Your letter might seem in some ways to bear this out. I'm not trying to make flying seem attractive to fools—I'm simply trying to give heart to a few poor timid souls like myself who have long stayed away from airplanes because of the squelching tactics of the high priests of the cult. Don't worry, when I meet you on Green Five I will be holding a proper attitude well out of your way and will salute you with genuine admiration, but can't I have a little piece of air to burn through my modest four cylinders as long as I know my limitations? You speak of experience. How else am I going to get it? I need those Saturday afternoons in the air and all the additional time I can get. As far as my writing about it is concerned, I need the dough.

Sincerely,
BILL MAULDIN

MAD, BUT...

SI:

When I was one of the pre-publication subscribers to SI, I thought I would be getting a magazine like *Time*—a lead story and then 100 pages of all sorts of side-light. I was wrong, and I was mad at first. Then I got to like the pinups too. The backfield shot of the Arkansas team in the Nov. 1 issue was superb. You actually report West Coast events—with pictures and art work—as well as the Eastern events. This was as big a surprise as a

West Coast team (UCLA) hitting the top of the AP poll!

Of late, therefore, I have taken to covering the more detailed aspects of your magazine. Your art work, for instance, is far better than I imagined it would be. Besides drawing on material that is virtually in the public domain—Winslow Homer, Audubon, etc.—your selection of work of Fletcher Martin and Athos Mesasahis for publication shows you have the public interest at heart—again unlike *Time*. The small spots in the *SPORTSMAN* section, drawn as far as I can make out, by some fellow named Ajay, combine the modern technique with



the old, sound principle of not detracting from the written material. . . . As an old commercial art student, I like his style and would like to see illustrations such as his on a larger scale—such as on the story Brooklyn Loon.

THOMAS SEYMOUR
Shackton, Calif.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

SI:

Your Nov. 22 question in *Finey Jemall's* Hornet was asked of the wrong people. You asked horse people. Ask a horseowner's husband if you want a truly objective answer.

The wise men say a good marriage is built on compromise. My compromise has been to learn horseman's lingo—in the same manner as the girl who is invited to a big football game and knows nothing about it. She audaciously learns a few stock phrases to bring forth, supply, when needed.

At a recent show of the Bridlemap Hunt, of which Mrs. Scherick is secretary, I trotted out my phrases in rotation, at which point one of my fox-hunting friends chimed in, "Quit bluffing. I'll bet you don't know the difference between a hock and a wither."

The answer to that was simple. "When you are in the horse-show business, a hock is what you do with your watch. A wither is what happens to your wife."

Are horseowners tender? Not very. But blamed interesting to live with. And at that, hunt breakfasts aren't so bad. After all, what can you do with a Sunday when it's too cold for golf?

H. J. SCHERICK

St. Louis

P.S. If the Honorable Secretary of the Bridlemap Hunt writes you, don't believe a word she says. Unlike me, she's prejudiced—as were all the horse people to whom you addressed the Nov. 22 question.

• Hon. Sec. as yet unheard from.—ED.



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